

Camps

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Number 1

The Grail



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The Grail

A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE BENEDICTINES

Volume 1

St. Meinrad, Indiana, May 1919

Number 1

A Personal Chat With Our Readers

ANNOUNCEMENT

With this issue THE GRAIL makes its modest bow to an expectant public. What! Another magazine! Just as though the market weren't flooded now!—Patience, gentle reader, we know that there is an overflux of magazines on the market; that the press, volcano-like, belches forth day and night from its monstrous jaws—mid steam and smoke and sulphurous fume—an endless stream, of which very much is positively destructive, not only of faith and morals, but of law and order too; that carriers groan under the ever-increasing weight of the mails; that our Uncle Sam's nephews—and nieces too—are bent beneath the heavy burdens placed upon their shoulders. Yes, dear reader, of all this we are aware, as well as of a few other things besides; yet, for various reasons, we deem it advisable, though not without a certain degree of timidity, to venture out in a small way into the literary world, for we have a just cause, a noble purpose.

A BOND OF UNION

For over thirty years St. Meinrad's Abbey has published a monthly, the *Paradieses-Fruchte—Fruits of Paradise*, if you will—the purpose of which has always been to honor our Lord in the Sacrament of His love, and well has it accomplished its purpose. For over thirty years we have thus been enabled to communicate with our many friends both far and near. But, because of influences over which we have no control, we shall probably sooner or later be deprived of this means of communication and shall have to fall back upon THE GRAIL, to keep up this bond of union. Moreover, for a number of years past we have felt the need of a periodical such as we are now placing before you. Owing to the fact that the *Paradieses-Fruchte* is published in the German language, we are unable to reach very many who would like to keep in touch with us. For the sake, then, of cultivating a wider field of usefulness, we step into the limelight in English dress to ask your patronage and cooperation.

PURPOSE OF MAGAZINE

It shall be our purpose to publish, at a *popular* price, a *popular* monthly, which shall foster love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament around which all Catholic activity centers; to encourage vocations—both to the priesthood, for home and foreign missions, and to the religious state; to work in behalf of the missions at home and in lands beyond the sea; and, finally, by spreading wholesome literature, to instruct and edify the faithful.

TOPICS FOR THE GRAIL

Topics on religion, education, science, history, sociology, and the like, treated popularly, together with the short story and subjects of interest to children, will, we hope, help us attain the end we have in view—the establishment of a *popular* monthly. Should any of our readers feel inclined to help us further in the attainment of this end by sending us material suitable for the purpose: original essays, short stories of from 1000 to 2000 words, poems, bits of history of general interest, and so forth—we shall be very grateful to them for such material as we can use. Helpful suggestions, too, that will make our paper more readable and of greater value to our readers, will likewise be acceptable.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

All those who aid us in our good works are our benefactors. It might interest you to know that on *each* day of the year a *high mass*, with the student body and community in attendance, is offered up here in the Abbey Church for all our benefactors, both living and dead—an advantage which is undoubtedly worth considering. But note this, dear reader, we are not standing on the street corner with tear-stained cheek and out-stretched hand pleading for an alms with the promise of a prayer for all who make the coins jingle as they drop into our cup. Let THE GRAIL speak for itself; it goes forth on its own merits. Those who feel that the very moderate sum which is asked for the price of a subscription, is not too much, will kindly remit and be numbered among our benefactors.

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THE GRAIL

How does the name of our paper appeal to you? Does it not seem appropriate for a magazine that in its own humble way will endeavor to promote love and devotion to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist? The holy Grail, as you know from Tennyson and others, is the chalice our Lord used at the last supper. In that same chalice, as the legend says, Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood of the Savior as it flowed from His wounds on Calvary's heights. Later on the holy Grail is said to have been taken to England where it remained for centuries until it mysteriously disappeared.

The Wonderful Tale of Galahad and the Quest of the Sangreal (holy Grail) in the *King Arthur Stories*, Tennyson's *The Holy Grail*, and Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, all give us the legend of the holy Grail; art and literature abound in references to it; music, the opera, and painting have immortalized it.

THE EDITOR

His name! Wouldn't Smith or Jones really sound just as well as Brown; and, besides, what honest editor would like to bear the last mentioned name anyhow? But, to come back to our subject from which we have inadvertently turned, does the editor of this dignified periodical really need an introduction too? Must he be dragged out before a public, enraged, perhaps, by the dribblings of his pen? Suffice it to say that he might possibly best be designated by the algebraic term x , an unknown quantity, at least in so far as the busy world is concerned. But an editor should be a man of great principles, of ambitions,—Yes, and he who now endeavors to fill the editorial chair once had ambitions too—in the long, long ago—to be an editor, not, however, of a great and pretentious magazine, but merely of a country weekly. With this end in view he timidly knocked one day at the door of a printshop out upon Dakota's bleak, expansive prairies. The editor "was in." In due course of time the new "devil," decked in the robes of his office, performed the customary duties of his rank: built fires and kept them a-going, inked the forms on the press—that was before the advent of the power press, electric lights, and other modern conveniences. Promotion followed promotion until he now awakes to find that the dreams of youth have been more than realized, for greatness, unsought, has been thrust upon him; not only has he really arrived at the editorial chair, but has become editor of a "sure enough" magazine.

The writer of these lines, dear reader, craves your indulgence; he begs you to bear with his failings, and promises that he will do his utmost to make it worth your while to read the pages of the little magazine over whose destinies he has been called to preside.—We realize, however, that our first effort is, perhaps, somewhat premature and far from the pinnacle of perfection, yet we hope that things will eventually shape themselves as time rolls on. May it please God to water with His grace the little seed we are now planting, cause it to strike deep root in the hearts of our readers and bear abundant fruit.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In our first number it will surely not be out

of place to say a word about our contributors among whom occur several names that are well and favorably known to the reading public. Father Albert Muntsch, S. J., who enjoys a wide circle of friends and admirers, has in this issue *The Grail Legend and the Holy Eucharist*. Father Muntsch will be a regular contributor. Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., noted author and poet, a weekly contributor to the *Ave Maria*, snatched from his own work time enough to inscribe *The Grail*, a beautiful and timely sonnet. Miss Mary E. Sullivan, with whom we wish our readers to form an acquaintance, has written a charming story, *The Rose of a Brother's Love*. Miss Sullivan promises to be a permanent member of THE GRAIL household. In *The Beggar of Love*, Mr. Urban Killacky, S. J., contributes a clever poem. Father Augustine J. Sprigler, '01, pastor at Sullivan, Ind., has signified his intention of dipping his pen into the inkwell occasionally to jot down a thought or two for our readers to ponder over. Father John B. Schorno, O.S.B., presents in a pleasing manner, a bit of instruction to mothers and their children. Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, L. H. D., Member of the National Press Bureau, who is widely known as a writer, entertains us with an up-to-date story in *Marie of Stony Creek*. The Children's Page has been entrusted to Mrs. Agnes Brown Hering, an experienced teacher.

THE PRINTSHOP

Are you wondering where THE GRAIL will be published? Right here on the abbey press in our own printing office. Recently we installed a Miehle power press and an Intertype composing machine, which, together with several job presses, makes our equipment quite complete. This is, in fact, all the capital we have to start with, but we leave it to Father Edward Berheide, O. S. B., our genial business manager, to put the cover on the magazine and tack it together. *Printing of Quality* is his motto. He is not adverse to sending you samples of jobwork to look at. The present writer can vouch for some very neat work that he turns out. Brother Placid is foreman, Brother Fidelis presides at the composing machine and puts our thoughts in type. The balance of the force is made up of young men from the town of St. Meinrad.

OUR READERS

A final word and we shall lay the quill aside. From the announcement above you will have learned our reason for establishing a paper at this time, the purpose proposed, the spiritual advantages offered; the name is explained, the contributors are introduced; the editor, the business manager, and the rest of the force, have been brought forward to make their bow. It still remains for us to add one request—that all our readers, old and young, feeble and strong, be valiant knights in the quest of the holy Grail by the frequent reception of Holy Communion; that those who are daily communicants, remain such; that those who are not, strive to become such and so persevere unto the end. Remember that our divine Savior calls Himself the *Bread of Life*. To give life and nourishment, bread must be eaten. "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath life everlasting: and I will raise him up on the last day." A wonderful promise indeed. May its fulfillment be accomplished in us all.

The Grail

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.—*Sir Galahad.*

In medieval tales with faith aglow,
We read how knights rode forth in ardent quest,
Each fair to win at last the rapture blest
Assured to him who, chaste as driven snow,
Should find the holy Grail, and, finding, know
The sacred Cup with emeralds impressed
Wherein was gathered from Christ's riven breast
The Blood that trickled in death's final throe.

More blest by far than Galahad of yore,
'Tis ours to find each morn the boon he sought;
To find—nay, drink the Blood that we adore,
The while we ponder on this pregnant thought:
Who daily seeks the white Communion rail,
His heart becomes in truth a holy Grail.

The Grail Legend and the Holy Eucharist

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

NONE of the legends of the golden days of medievalism appeals so strongly to the Catholic instinct as the Legend of the Holy Grail. Scholars are still at variance as to the origin and the primitive meaning of this charming story about

The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with His own.

So Tennyson in the canto "The Holy Grail" in *Idylls of the King*, describes the precious object whose miraculous appearance to the sainted nun, the sister of Percivale, prompted that young knight to go forth on the high and holy quest of the Grail. "I swear a vow," he said, "before them all, that I, because I had not seen the Grail, would ride a twelvemonth and a day in quest of it, until I found and saw it, as the nun, my sister saw it."

Percivale, indeed, like Galahad and some other worthy men, was admitted to the vision of the Grail. But the other knights of Arthur's court were not successful in their noble resolve to seek the Grail at all costs and at the sacrifice of every personal comfort. Many of them had eagerly set forth upon the sacred adventure with the zeal of the young Galahad. They had even solemnly pledged themselves to the enterprise. For "Galahad swore the vow, and good Sir Bors, and Lancelot swore, and many among the knights, and Gawain swore, and louder than the rest."

But Lancelot of the Lake and those who had followed him along the dark path of sin never came near the holy relic of the Lord's Last Supper. For the priceless blessings of the glorious delights of beholding that holy vessel were reserved for those who were clean of heart. Sin

debarred the soul from drawing nigh to the sacred presence of the life-giving cup, which "from the blessed land of Aromat—after the days of darkness, the good Arimathean Joseph journeying brought to Glastonbury, where the winter thorn blossoms at Christmas." As long as the members of the goodly company of the Round Table proved faithful to the pledges they had sworn—"to reverence their conscience as their king," and "to lead sweet lives of holy chastity," they could look forward to their quest. But disgrace and sorry failure would be their lot if they proved recreant to their vows.

Unfortunately, grievous sin had crept into the splendid company of the Table Round and blackened its former splendor. Nay, the times had grown "to such evil that the holy cup was caught away to heaven, and disappeared."

From these lines it is evident that Tennyson has boldly accepted the beautiful Christian interpretation of this precious creation of the days of faith and chivalry. In his version, the Grail is the sacred cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper. As such, the vase possesses miraculous powers. For "if a man could touch or see it he was healed at once, by faith, of all his ills." In "Sir Galahad" he describes the appearance of this sacred chalice which God allowed to remain for a while among men to heal them of their spiritual, and even their bodily maladies. "A gentle sound, an awful light! three angels bear the Holy Grail: with folded feet, in stoles of white, on sleeping wings they sail." Tennyson has given us one of the latest, and perhaps too, one of the most exquisite renderings of this sweet story of the mellow days of knighthood. Though

the brave men of Arthur's court set out upon many adventures, none brought so much glory to a champion as the successful "quest of the Holy Grail."

If we turn to the twelfth century version of the tale by the great Catholic lyric poet, Wolfram von Eschenbach, we find an even more profound spiritual significance in the charming story. For Wolfram brought to his interpretation of the legend a gift which the English laureate did not possess—the gift of Catholic faith. In his "Parcifal" the Grail is not the chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper but a precious stone, confided by angels to the care of a religious order of knights, "the Chevaliers of the Grail" (Tempelritter). In the contest of the archangel Michael with the rebellious angels a precious stone was broken from the crown of Lucifer and fell to the earth. A pagan wrought a plate out of the wondrous gem. The plate was presented to King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and was finally inherited by Nicodemus. In this way it came to be used at the Last Supper.

Now like the sacred vase introduced by Tennyson, the San-Gral of Wolfram possesses marvelous properties which it receives from an oblation (consecrated host) brought down from heaven on every Good Friday by a dove of brilliant plumage and deposited on the Grail. According to the poet a man will not die during the day on which he beholds the Grail. And if he could dwell perpetually in its holy presence his hair would not turn grey and he would rejoice in perpetual youth.

The Grail then is regarded as the pledge and symbol of the highest happiness, and the legend embodies the tradition, current among all nations, of a state of former universal happiness, which has unfortunately disappeared. But the regaining of this primitive bliss seems to have depended, according to the folk-lore accounts of several nations, upon first procuring some talisman or mystic object—a weapon, an ornament, a precious stone, etc. The Sanscrit-speaking people of ancient India, for instance, spoke of a sacred grove Cridavana, where perpetual peace and plenty were the portion of the people, but the site is now unknown. The so-called philisopher's stone, which supposedly had the power of turning all things to gold, and even the fairy table of nursery lore, which upon the pronunciation of a certain formula is filled with the choicest viands, are perhaps faint reminiscences of magic objects which in the naive concept of the poets might bring back that happiness and perfect bliss which once reigned among men.

The application of these elements, interwoven in various Grail legends, to the Holy Eucharist

is quite obvious. In the first place, the one great and only quality required in the person who desired to "achieve the Grail" was cleanliness of heart. Not prowess in battle, nor social prestige, nor lordly station, nor physical strength were necessary to discover the path to the sweet and benign presence of the precious memorial of the Redeemer's greatest gift to man—the sacred chalice used by Him at the Last Supper. Lancelot possessed all these, but was debarred from the privilege that was only for souls like Galahad and Percivale and his sainted sister. Galahad himself lets us know why legend preserves his memory as one of the successful champions in the "high quest of the Grail." For he tells us, "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." But the adorable Bread of Heaven is similarly broken only to those who, in the words of Saint Paul, have proved themselves, and are free from the stain of grievous sin.

And now as to the other element of the Grail legend, according to which it is the symbol of all earthly happiness. Our faith tells us where to find the source of the peace which passes understanding and of joy serene and unalloyed. It is to our Savior Christ to Whom we must have recourse. Even while still sojourning in this vale of tears we can become most intimately united with Him in the Sacrament of His love. In our sacramental hymn we sing the praises of the mighty King of the ages by saying:

Panem de coelo praestitisti eis,
Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

Yes, under the humble species of bread and wine the Son of God descends upon our altars. But He comes laden with gifts for His children when they approach Him with hearts that have been cleansed of the dross of sin. He draws nigh with the treasures of heaven. Here man's ardent desire for soul-satisfying peace is realized. The dream of the early bards who wove beautiful fantasies about the existence of an earthly paradise, where there is no sorrow and death, but only peace and joy, is at least partially realized in the Christian Dispensation by the institution of the Holy Eucharist.

No wonder then that the sacred cup and the vessel used by Joseph of Arimathea to gather the last drops of the Savior's blood as He hung dying on the rood of Golgotha, play such an important part in several versions of this splendid creation of medieval days. Truly, we Christians may be glad that our greatest and most priceless treasure—the adorable Sacrament of the altar, has gradually been brought into relation with this most fascinating legend, whatever may have been its origin and primitive meaning.

The Rose of a Brother's Love

MARY E. SULLIVAN

BASIL MARTINEAU'S refined young face was drawn in tense anxiety as he stood within the shadow of the portico of the church of La Madeleine in Paris. He peered expectantly into the purple veil of the twilight surging and rippling, and he prayed again and again: "God grant that Oreste may not fail me tonight."

The time dragged away and Basil became sick with tedious waiting. At last he thought he recognized Oreste dodging between the cabs that swarmed like buzzing fireflies. With quickening heart-throbs he watched the youth's approach from the direction of the Place de la Concorde. Welcome relief caused Basil to close his tired eyes while his quivering soul exclaimed:

"Thank God! Oreste comes!"

A moment later Oreste, a youth just out of college, stepped doggedly into the portico and greeted his brother with assumed indifference. At sight of his brother's bloodshot eyes and bloated face an icy chill swept over Basil and he whispered chokingly: "I'm so glad you're here. I asked you to come because I want to say 'good-bye.' I've given up my share in father's estate——"

"Why? Do you imagine that that helps to wipe away the bitterness of father's disowning and disinheriting me? You're a fool Basil!"

"No!"

"Explain yourself, then," pleaded Oreste curiously and sobered by Basil's decisive tone.

"I want to help you all I can, and since every other effort to persuade you has failed to draw you from the down-hill path——"

"You preach to me!"

"I leave tomorrow to enter a monastery. I shall spend my days there, praying God to save you——"

Basil's voice wavered and broke gulpingly; his hand trembled on his brother's arm.

Oreste jerked backward, stunned. He was for the moment unable to grasp the full import of the words: "To enter a monastery?" He grappled with them till his mind reeled and his body swayed, for he knew well that his brother habitually meant just what he said, and this sudden thought of parting was more than he could bear. Surcharged with the conflict of remorse, loneliness, and affection, he pressed his hands hard against his head and implored tremblingly:

"No, no! Basil, stay! I need you here."

But Basil, having steeled his heart for the sacrifice was resolute. No word from him mingled

with the ominous sounds of far off storm-mutterings or the soothing plashings of fountains nearby.

Oreste's spirit battled desperately. He struggled with one emotion after another until at length he was master of himself. Then afire with determination, he promised to reform and to persevere always if Basil would give up his resolve. At last Basil yielded to the extent of giving his brother a month in which to prove his sincerity and strength of will.

"Remember," said Basil encouragingly, "that Oreste means a mountaineer and that Mother gave the name to you. You must be a real mountaineer; then, in spite of the many pitfalls in your path, you can finally reach the heights if you will," and he bestowed a vigorous slap on his brother's shoulder.

Oreste's chest heaved as he wrung Basil's hand. "You are a kingly fellow, old chap. I'm yours to command. I will reach the heights," he vowed with upflung head and sparkling eyes.

"May God help you!" said the brother fervently.

Thus with mutual understanding and a confidence born of childhood piety, the Samaritan and the prodigal, baring each his head, stepped silently into the church. Its vastness was permeated with a hush as of awe, shrouded in compelling reverence. Here, indeed, was a fitting place for creatures to commune with their Creator! Here troubled hearts, unaware of its gentle approach, were always soothed by a mysterious peace. Here, too, faith and hope and trust flooded the souls of the two lone worshippers as, kneeling within the glow of the sanctuary lamp, they prayed mutely. Comforted and strengthened, they returned to the portico where after a gripping hand clasp they parted without a word, walking in opposite directions into the darkness and the storm,—Basil going to his father's home and the other to his lodging in the Rue de Rivoli.

For a week Oreste fought a heroic fight and all went well; but at the end of that time Basil learned that his brother was drinking heavily again. The heart-sickening news stunned him. When he had partially recovered, he became perplexed as to whether it might be better to carry out immediately his resolution to enter the monastery or to yield to Oreste's pleading that he would stay.

He battled heroically between his strong natural yearning for brotherly companionship and

the resolution to sacrifice all in the religious life. Finally he sent a letter to Oreste, saying, "I go to the monastery of St. Bernard among the mountains of Valais up from the valley of Aosta. There I shall watch and pray. Come to me when you've really conquered—triumphed."

Accordingly Basil slipped away from Paris and from France and journeyed to the far-off monastery. Then a desperate struggle shook Oreste's soul. For a time he shunned all temptation and kept his promise not to touch wine or liquor. In the passing years, however, he stumbled into many a pitfall, but remembrance of Basil's life of renunciation and of sacrifice always impelled him to look up again and to struggle on.

Meanwhile Basil, ever mindful of his wayward brother in the far-distant "alluring city of delights," lived on in the Alpine monastery in obedience and humility, fasting, praying, sacrificing, toiling, and laying all at the feet of the Savior for his brother's salvation. He seemed illumined by sanctity, and the Brothers of the community called him "Uriel" Light of God.

Brother Uriel was, however, no more renowned for his spirituality than for his physical heroism. He often plunged undaunted into the cutting blasts and angry gales that tore off the crusted snow whipped it into sleety particles, and whirled it into his face like a shower of needles; thus he rescued many a storm-beaten traveler on the rugged mountain. He was wont to brave the swirling tempest when the alpen-stocks of mountain climbers were coated with ice and "slid through their hands like slippery eels"; when jagged rocks tore the skin from half-frozen fingers of the men clinging to them for life—always winning in the struggle, and, with the aid of his good dog, Rex, bringing them to the shelter and hospitality of the Hospice.

Thus Brother Uriel continued to labor till, in consequence of long years of exposure, his health was broken. He went out no more to battle with the winds and snows. Now he merely answered the summons when travelers knocked on the door of the Hospice, welcoming them right heartily and restoring their strength with kindly service. The slow-circling years slipped away one by one and Oreste failed to come. Although at times Basil grew sick with yearning, he prayed unceasingly and hope that his prayer would be answered lived steadily in his heart. He persevered unfalteringly in trustful patience with ever a whispering in his inmost soul, "He will come, God only bides His time for the miracle of grace."

One evening at sunset when the snow-capped mountain was purpling in the golden light, Brother Uriel heard a strange flapping against the

windows of the corridor. Looking out, he saw a great flock of migrating swallows terrified by signs of a swift gathering storm. He lost no time in opening a casement to admit them to shelter, and lo, a white swallow led the flock!

"What may this strange bird portend or symbolize?" Uriel asked himself. To his religious mind it was surely a mystic thing.

And now the angry wind swirled round and round, up the yawning chasms and over the mountain crests, dashing frozen spray over its tortuous path. Indoors, Brother Uriel paced his cell, telling his beads for the safety of the travelers among the mountains, till, during a sudden lull in the tempest, he heard Rex's familiar bark announcing his arrival with a rescued wayfarer.

Brother Uriel hastened to open the door to the dog. The animal covered with a coat of tiny icicles stood panting and exhausted with a limp human burden half clinging about his neck. Other monks hurried to help in reviving the half-frozen man, and in response to their efficient treatment, strengthened by the hot soup and wine, he gradually flickered back to consciousness, telling in incoherent fragments of his long journey and of the struggles and hardships in his mountain climb.

"At last!—at last!—the heights!" he gasped. "Tell my brother—I've reached the heights!"

"Who may your brother be?" trebled Benedict, a saintly old Monk.

"Basil.—Don't you know Basil?"

There was no reply, for the good Brothers had forgotten the name long years before, but they listened in wonder as Uriel bent over the stranger, so changed by stress of time and struggle that he did not recognize him at first. Uriel clutched his brother's feverish hand, murmuring as he caressed it reverently, "The miracle of grace! *Deo Gratias!*"

"Deo Gratias!" echoed the stranger with a sigh.

Brother Benedict understood and he led the others silently away. He knew that Uriel's gentle ministerings would soon completely restore the wayfarer's strength and gain his confidence.

"You've had a hard climb, poor man, said Brother Uriel as, mother-like, he stroked the white, damp forehead.

"Yes, a hard climb,—a desperate struggle—but 'tis nothing, for I came to find my good brother. He gave everything for me—most unworthy that I am!"

Brother Uriel stroked the cold perspiring brow of the self-accuser soothingly, but tears, he could not keep back, trickled down his own seared and pallid face.

"The world has never seen the like of Basil's heroism," the stranger declared; then stopped

suddenly to listen, for the chanting of the Monks in chapel reverberated through the corridor: "*Laudate pueri Dominum; laudate nomen Domini.*"

"Let us praise God, our Father too. Praise Him for the gift of grace and of brotherly love, Oreste," pleaded Uriel, bending over him.

"Basil!" exclaimed Oreste in sudden recognition. He locked his arms about his brother's neck, buried his head on Uriel's breast and sobbed. Finally he looked up into Basil's glorified face which radiated a benign smile that was a real benediction.

"How I've yearned for this hour! yearned for it during the long, lonely years of struggle. Tell me, Basil, did you long ago despair of my coming?"

"Never, Oreste, never! God knows that I did not."

"I dreamed of you often, Basil, dreamed of your love and your heroic sacrifice for me." For a few moments he seemed lost in flooding memories, then continued:

"Once I had a most beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten dream. I think it was a vision."

"Tell it to me, my Oreste," Brother Uriel enreated.

"I dreamed that my spirit went to Heaven and saw there myriads of fragrant flowers blossoming before the throne of God. Every time a good deed was performed on earth a new flower burst radiantly into bloom. The peculiar beauty and fragrance of each typified the deed for which it blossomed.

"Most beautiful and fragrant of all, and nearest to the throne, was a white rose, as fragrant and as beautiful as ten thousand earthly roses all in one. A pure, white swallow hovered over it, but my spirit sank into the heart of the rose, all molten gold besprinkled with liquid diamonds. 'What good deed, sweet Rose, I pray you, caused you to bloom in Paradise?' I whispered softly.

"The rose, trembling with ecstasy, murmured: 'I am Brotherly Love, who ministered to a despised sinner fallen by the wayside. I lifted him up and guided him from the highway, past many pitfalls where grim Temptation lurked, back to the narrow path of righteousness.'

"And, oh, my brother," continued Oreste chokingly, throbbing with delight, I then declared, "Fair Blossom, you proclaim Basil's love for me!"

"The rose now enveloped in effulgent glory, replied rapturously: 'Rescued Soul, you have said aright.'"

Oreste ended his story with a countenance radiating affection and gratitude. Brother Uriel tried to speak but a strange tightening of his

throat, a quickened pulse, and a glow of soul kept him mute.

A tap on the door of the cell broke the solemn silence. Brother Benedict had come to escort Oreste to a guest chamber in the other wing of the monastery, for the retiring bell had sounded. The brothers embraced and bade each other good night. Left alone, Brother Uriel with tears of joy coursing down his pallid cheeks, knelt beside the narrow bed, clasping his crucifix with reverent hands. "Deo Gratias," he sobbed repeatedly, until the dark night-shadows crept away and rosy dawn stole into the cell. At last, murmuring, "Laudate, Laudate, Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto!" his weary head sank low and his spirit fled to its eternal rest.

An hour later, Brother Benedict was awakened by the twitterings of the host of swallows in the corridor, restless to escape into the clear, calm air and to be off on their southward journey. Scarcely had he opened the window than they flew away on eager wings, just as the rising bell pealed out its summons to the sleeping Monks. The ringing ceased, but after a few moments the bell began to toll!

"Ah," said Benedict to himself, making the sign of the Cross, "a good Brother has died in the night. Requiescat in pace!"

When the Monks entered the chapel for Matins, Brother Uriel's coffin stood without the Altar rail, and Oreste crushed with grief, knelt beside it.

Years have passed, and Oreste, now an aged, palsied man, living with the Community at the Hospice, spends his days cultivating white roses of exquisite beauty. Mountain climbers are amazed to see them growing abundantly in the little graveyard beside the glacier, their only companions stunted edelweiss and other small Alpine flora.

"What rose is this, blooming at such a height?" they ask, and Oreste with a far-away, dreaming look answers in a pathetic tremor:

"'Tis the rose of a brother's love. I'll tell you the story. There is buried here a holy Monk who loved his wayward brother better than himself. Because of this love he sacrificed all wordly wealth and pleasure. When Brother Uriel's Requiem was sung a golden-hearted rose with snow-white petals bloomed on the Altar in front of the Tabernacle door. The wayward brother, alone of all who were mourning there, saw the wondrous rose glistening with diamond light. There are those who will tell you 'tis but a fancy, a mystic dream. But 'tis not given them to understand—not given them to understand!"

"But how came the roses in the graveyard?" the eager listeners ask.

"Although the others failed to see the rose, they were filled with wonder to see a pure-white swallow fly into the chapel and perch on the crucifix above the Tabernacle. When we bore the coffin to the grave, the white swallow, with a rose in its beak, hovered over it. Dropping the snow-white rose into the open grave, the bird soared far up into the blue of Heaven—and never came again."

"But the roses?"

"Later a beautiful rosebush grew up from Brother Uriel's grave—up from the golden heart of him. His brother cut off little twigs and plant-

ed them hereabout. They took root, as you see, and they flourish through the years. To me, the graveyard is sweet, very sweet, with their fragrance."

Oreste's eyes grow misty. Their far-off gaze seemed to penetrate beyond the mountain-tops, beyond the ethereal blue, beyond the Heavenly gates, even to the throne of the eternal King. Forgetful of his eager listeners, with a deep sigh and a shaking of his hoary head, he murmurs brokenly: "Ah me!—it is, indeed—the rose of a brother's love—my Uriel!"

Jesus Our Refuge

A refuge is a haven of safety in time of danger, a place wherein the sheep are secure from the attack of the wolf, wherein man finds strength sufficient to combat all his enemies and finally arrive in heaven. We need a refuge, because our poor human nature has been woefully degraded by sin. The Sacred Scriptures assure us that we are prone to evil from our youth. They tell us, furthermore, that the principalities and the powers of darkness are in league against us, that our flesh lusteth against the spirit and we often do those things of which we are ashamed. Then the world bids us to satisfy our own selfish, sinful, cravings, to enjoy its pleasures, to walk the easy way which leads to destruction.

Surrounded by so many enemies, allured by such enchanting dreams of happiness, and being so very weak of will, we easily fall a prey to the one seeking our destruction. Add to all this the darkness of our minds and the cunning of our adversary, we can understand that our ruin would be assured, if we did not possess a refuge.

Since we are intelligent creatures, the most essential thing for us is to possess the truth. Jesus taught us the truth; His Church today imparts to us all the divine truths we need know. The darkness once dispelled, we take heart, but we soon experience our weakness of will and realize that we need a spiritual tonic to brace up our poor, frail nature, so that it may be able to walk that narrow way which leads to eternal happiness. Beholding our sorrowful plight we cry for help and hear the consoling

words: "Come to me, all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Who spoke these words? Our Redeemer, the one who came to save us. Where shall we find Him? He is very near; He resides in the host in yonder church; you have often been there and worshipped Him. He is the same, kind, merciful Jesus Who went about Judea doing good; He will comfort you.

Did He not say: "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, the same shall live by me"?

Again He assured us that "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him." He will live in us and will associate us with Himself. He will make common cause with us to help us carry our burdens. What a comfort! What a consolation it is to know that Jesus will assist us in all our trials. Left to ourselves we are weak and miserable; with the help of Jesus we become powerful and are able to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Holy Communion will do all this for us, because Jesus comes into the soul and sets it afire with divine love, and love is what we need. All goes well as long as we love God with our whole heart, with all our mind, and with all our strength. Any sacrifice will be considered little if we can only please the object of our love.

Now to keep the fire of divine love ever burning within our souls is a most important duty of ours. Receive Holy Communion often and prepare your soul for its graces. If you do this you will always find a true refuge in life and at the hour of death in Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

A. J. S.

The Eucharist is our daily food; the food of yesterday could not suffice for today; as our necessities are unceasingly renewed, so also should be our nourishment.—Fenelon

To continue your communions it is not necessary that the soul should feel the increase of fervor. Often the sacraments operate in us without our perceiving it.—St. Lawrence Justinian.

The Mother's Catechism

REV. JOHN B. SCHORNO, O. S. B.

EVERY Christian mother knows that it is her sacred duty to take care of her children to the best of her ability. Children are choice flowers planted by the Heavenly Father Himself and entrusted to the mother's care. By right of nature the temporal welfare of children demands proper food, necessary clothing, and education suitable to their state of life. Every Christian mother knows, too, that these flowers are destined to be transplanted into the eternal garden of God, to glorify Him by their everlasting beauty and heavenly odor. If, therefore, the responsibility of a mother, to endow her children with a sound mind in a sound body, is very great, greater still is her duty and responsibility to care for the supernatural life and welfare of the immortal souls of her children. These souls must be nourished with spiritual food, clad with the heavenly garment of sanctifying grace, and protected under the safe roof of the fear of God. If a mother should forget that this is her most urgent life work, she would forfeit the right to be called a Christian mother.

Yes, my dear mothers, I hear all your excuses: you have very little time to spare and haven't much knowledge yourselves; the children are too young to understand matters of religion; it will be time enough to speak to them about God, the soul, and eternity, when they shall go to school.—Ah, no good mother will speak thus.

You complain that you haven't much time. Well I am going to show you a way of instructing your children that will not take much of your valuable time. Again, you say that you have neither the necessary knowledge nor the ability to give your children religious instruction. I am going to prove to you that you know more than you believe you do and that you really have greater ability than you think you have. But, you object again, the children are too young to understand all this. Now I am going to give you a method by which they may easily grasp matters that are of such great importance to their eternal welfare. Do you not know the Lord's Prayer, the Our Father? If you do, you know the Mother's Catechism and, knowing this, you have knowledge enough to enable you to send your little ones well prepared to Church and to school. Often say this prayer with devotion; yet do not say many Our Fathers at a time, but just a few, and say them well. Also teach your little ones of three, four, five, and six, to do the same. Both pastor and teacher will then know, at the first appear-

ance of these children in the class room, that they have a truly Christian mother.

OUR FATHER

Who is our Father—the Father of all men? It is God the Almighty, Who created the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, and all that you can see therein. How powerful, how good, how beautiful, must not this God the Father be?

WHO ART IN HEAVEN

Children, where is God the Father? In Heaven, you answer. Yes, and there, too, are the holy Angels, our loving Mother Mary, the good St. Joseph, and all the other Saints. What are the Angels and Saints doing in Heaven? They are happy with God; they love Him and serve Him and sing His praises. They pray, too, that we may also come to Heaven to be happy with them. Should you not like to be in Heaven and happy forever?

HALLOWED BE THY NAME

Children, let us adore the holy name of God; let us praise, glorify, and sanctify it; let us love God and serve Him. How can we do this? Begin each day and night in the name of the Father in Heaven and of His Son, Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost. When you go to Church, when you play with other children, when you eat, when you help me at my work, do all in God's holy name. Children, this is the way to Heaven. Never, never, my dear children, abuse the sacred name of God. Never take the sweet name of Jesus in vain. Never use profane language. Do not curse or call other children ugly names. If you do, God, Who has written His holy name in your little hearts, will be offended and you will not be His children any longer.

THY KINGDOM COME

When we said the Our Father yesterday, I told you how to keep God's name holy. But, dear children, how often do we not displease Him with our prayers? Why? Because we do not fold our hands nicely, or make the sign of the cross properly, and very often, too, we pray only with our lips and not from our hearts. This is the reason, children, why we must pray Thy Kingdom come. We must ask God to help us, to assist us, to support us with His holy grace. You are so little, and we are all so weak, that we shall never be able to pray with devotion, unless God helps us, neither can we please Him without His

assistance. Come, Father, with Thy Kingdom, with Thy love and Thy grace, with Thy help and assistance, and grant that

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

Children, I told you that the happiness of the Angels and Saints in Heaven is so great that we can not express it in words. Why did God give them such great happiness that they would not wish to be more happy even if they could? It is because they are so faithful to God and always so obedient to His holy will. Whatever God wishes they are so glad to do. Thus, my dear children, we, too, must be faithful to God and keep His commandments and never do anything contrary to His wishes and commands. He says, for example, that we should keep holy the Sabbath day, and this we do by attending holy mass on Sunday. Again He says that children should love and obey their parents, that they should not steal, nor tell lies, and so on. If we do any of these things, which He says we should not do, we are disobedient and offend God. If we keep the commandments, God will reward us; if we do not keep them, He will punish us. Ask your Guardian Angel every day to help you to please God.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD

Why, dear children, do we always pray before and after our meals? We do so in order to remind our Heavenly Father that we are hungry, that He should give us bread, as well as all the other food that we need. Do you think that these things alone would be enough to make you strong and healthy? Don't you need shoes and stockings too, and warm clothes, and many other things? You say Papa buys all that. Yes, children, Papa buys them for you, but who gives Papa the means to take care of you? It is our Heavenly Father and nobody else. Therefore pray from the bottom of your hearts: give us this day our daily bread.—Listen to the little birds. How sweetly they sing. They praise God and thank Him for all that He gives them.

But God does not take care of the body alone, He takes even greater care of the immortal soul. As you can not grow nor become strong nor do any work without fresh food for the body every day, so also is the soul absolutely unable to know God, to love Him and serve Him, without its daily bread. Who gives your soul the food that it needs? Your mother does. How? you ask. Did I not show you how to make the sign of the cross? Did I not tell you all about the little child Jesus; why He came into this world; why He suffered and died on the holy cross? Am I not now teaching you how to understand the Lord's Prayer?

All these instructions, my dear children, are bread, that is, food, for your souls.

After a year or so, when you are able to say your prayers well, God Himself will feed your soul with the Bread of Angels in Holy Communion. Did you not notice last Sunday how the little school children went to the Communion rail and how piously and devoutly they received the Sacred Host from the hands of our good pastor? —Every day say the prayer, Sweet Heart of Jesus be my love.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

Last evening when I called you and told you to stop playing and to come and say the rosary with me, you did not obey at once as you should have done. I had to call a second time, yes, even a third time, before you came. That, my dear children, was trespassing, not only against the will of your mother, but especially against the will of God. The fourth commandment says that you should obey father and mother, does it not? Now by this commandment you have not only offended me but you have sinned against God too. Why did I send you to bed last night without any supper? You are right, because you were disobedient. Why did I not use the whip that I had in my hand? Because you said to me: Mama we are very sorry that we offended you; don't be angry any longer; be kind to us again; we won't make you feel bad any more. But how about God, against Whom you have sinned? God loves only what is good and hates what is bad; He rewards the good and punishes the bad. Kneel down now before the crucifix and say to God: I have not been a good child; I have offended Thee; forgive me Heavenly Father; I am heartily sorry for the evil I have done. Be good again to me, Father; with Thy help I will sin no more.—Now you know almost how to make a good confession.

AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US

What is the matter my boy? Why are you crying? What? Our neighbor's boy threw dirt on your clothes and slapped you? God will punish him, but you must forget it and forgive him. What did you say? You will pay him back as soon as you are big enough? You say you will never forgive the wrong he did you nor forgive him? Child, child, think what you are saying. Yesterday you asked pardon of God for your disobedience. You promised the Heavenly Father never more to offend Him and on your knees you prayed: Father, forgive us as we forgive those who trespass against us. Can God be kind to you if you are so cruel to that boy? Yes, dear child, forgive the bad boy and pray for him and your Guardian Angel will tell the Heavenly Father what a good boy he has.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

Temptation? What is temptation? What did your little brother say the other day, children, when he came home after he had been insulted by our neighbor's boy? I will pay him back, I will take revenge. His feelings were hurt and his too great love of self, or pride, said to him: take revenge; give it to him. This was a temptation to do wrong. His Guardian Angel told him not to do it; he listened to the Angel, prayed for the boy, and forgave him. Children, it was pride that tempted my little boy, it wasn't God; but God allowed him to be tempted.

Now, children, supposing I should tell you to go out into the garden to pull the weeds. While you are at work our neighbor's little girl calls to you from over the fence to come and play with her. You look at each other; you remember what I told you to do. The little girl calls again: Please come over, I'm so lonesome and want somebody to play with. You can do that afterwards. This would be a temptation too, not from your heart, but from the little girl. God does not tempt you but He allows the little girl to do so. What would you rather do, go to play and be disobedient or be obedient and please God?

Our worst tempter is the evil spirit, the devil, who tempts every one and tries to kill the soul. Pray to the Heavenly Father every morning: Father, if Thou permit me to be tempted this day, whether the temptation come from my evil inclinations, or from men, or even from the devil, help me not to offend Thee.

BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL

Do you still remember what temptation is? Yes, it is something very undesirable. But, by overcoming temptation, we prove that we love God more than we love sin. Thus temptation is not a real evil. Very few people like to be poor, and yet Jesus came down from Heaven to be poor. Poverty can never be an evil. Nobody likes to be sick, and yet, for many a person sickness is the only way to Heaven. It can not be an evil. To bring men back to His loving Heart, God uses many things which we call evil. These things surely can not be evils.

From what evil, then, do we ask God to deliver us? Children, God hates sin. He abhors, detests, and abominates sin, whether it be small or great. Sin, therefore, is the only evil in this world of which we must be afraid. If anyone should commit a great sin, such as cursing his parents, he would lose both the friendship of God and the right to Heaven; and should he die without asking God for forgiveness, he would be cast into hell forever and forever.—Therefore, children, I repeat

to you again and again, pray, and pray often: Deliver us from evil, deliver us from sin, both great and small.

AMEN—SO BE IT

Dear Mothers, I give you this little catechism with the concluding words of the Lord's Prayer—so be it. What should he so? You yourselves should use this prayer, which was taught by Jesus Christ Himself. It is the best of all prayers; it is the simplest and most comprehensive of all prayers. It should be no less your own daily bread than it is that of your children. In a word, the Our Father is a fountain of grace, full of the most sublime truths—eternal truths, full of divine power, true happiness, and heavenly consolation. Drink daily from this inexhaustible fountain, not alone, however, but together with your children. Amen—so be it.

The Eucharist

The glorified doth lie concealed,
Beneath the figures unrevealed;
Our reason does not comprehend,
Yet knees in adoration bend.

The eye, the taste, the touch deceive;
The ear alone can truth perceive;
Thou, Son of God, didst speak the word;
To disbelieve would be absurd.

Behold the Man on Calv'ry died!
In anguish see Him crucified;
In Host—the deepest silence reigns!
But God and man it both contains.

"Twas doubting Thomas who did see;
We see no life, yet bend the knee,
Beseeching that our faith increase,
That hope and love may never cease.

Oh truest token of the Cross!
Oh Lord, how great would be our loss,
If Thou didst not with us remain,
Our minds and hearts with love inflame!

This holy Manna from above
Will feed our souls with sacred love,
Will give us strength in life to win
Celestial crown, commit no sin.

Give us this day our Daily Bread,
Whilst we through vale of tears are led;
That to the mount of God on high,
Our souls unto their God may fly.

Let not Thy Blood be shed in vain!
In holy love, in truth maintain.
One drop of Blood will sanctify,
The Host preserves us till we die.

Just now Our God is veiled and hid,
We trust, we pray, we beg, we bid,
That face to face we may enjoy
True happiness without alloy.

A. J. S.

Catholic Students



Mission Crusade

CONDUCTED BY

THE ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

THAT above is an eagle. It is no ballot emblem and it seeks your support for no political cause but for one which, like the eagle itself, soars above the world. It is a serious representation in allegory of a movement, now fairly under way, to promote the Catholic Mission by enlisting in their support the ingenuity, enterprise, zeal, courage, and spirit of our great country. In short, it contrives to hitch the American Eagle to the Cross of Christ.

There are many causes in this day and time, and many appeals and many appealers, until we all feel like appealing—for help, yet that eagle up there doesn't look apologetic. Like Poe's *Raven*, "not the least obeisance makes he, not a minute stops or stays he, but with mien of lord or lady perches just above"—this column. And, to use another classical expression, "there's a reason" for this confidence. He holds in his talons the symbol of a cause which is never out of season, untimely, or impertinent, because never secondary. We have lately been pouring out our treasure, yes, and our blood, for causes political, economical, and, withal, ideal. Yet, were we ever so encompassed by things to give and things to fight for, and ever so much more exhausted and poured out, we must have energy and substance left for this cause which has yielded to no other in claim of our support since the mandate of its Divine Inaugurator: "Go teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The sequel of the great war, claim our deepest thinkers, has ushered a new era into the world, just of what character, the historians of a century hence will be better able to judge; but from revolutionary movement and tendencies in all great factors of life—political, philosophical, and religious, we are made to realize that the change from the old order is to be of no ordinary or slight complexion.

One of the outstanding features of this new world situation is the ever growing importance of the oriental nations. Dead for centuries to the influence of our western civilization, these giants are just beginning to wake up, to take notice, and to demand attention. With national consciousness and a knowledge of the world, arises a consciousness of strength. There is a yellow question, if not yellow peril, and that

question is how the Christian ascendancy will adjust itself to this vast pagan majority, packed 800 millions strong, along the Nile, the Ganges, and the Hwang ho and now stretching out emancipated hands to claim their places among the peoples of the earth. And Christian nations seem to have sufficient questions of their own just now. To bring one of these to a doubtful solution, they have just spent some 200 billions of dollars and sacrificed some 8 millions of valuable lives. Will they use the same method on the yellow question? And, if they do, will the solution be in their favor, or like unto that eventuated successively in Greece, at Rome, and at Constantinople—verifying, as in these instances: "He that taketh to the sword shall perish by the sword." There is another method—one which the world disdains, but which history has attested never to fail: it is to Christianize, it is to obey that mandate: "Going teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

And is the task so impossible? How long would it take if we, the Christian peoples of the earth, lent to this holy cause one half of one percent of all that, in four bitter years, we have spent to make "the world safe for democracy?" or that other problematical amount we shall inevitably spend to gain, in this yellow question, the terribly doubtful issue of the sword? Christ has given us the Gospel; but we are ever trying something else. The poor world seems chronically addicted to the building of its towers of Babel. Undismayed and untaught, it builds from the debris of one destruction the foundation of another. War destroys one fond Temple of Peace, and, on the same false principles, it builds again and reposes here the hopes of human kind: great in promises, high in aim, in reality but another tower of Babel. Huge, imposing, mighty, it points towards heaven but it will never reach there. A confusion of tongues will arise among its workmen for it raises a monument, not to the honor and glory of God, but to the pride and vain ambitions of men and nations. "Built upon the shifting sands, the winds shall come and beat against it and great shall be the fall thereof"—like a house of cards, before the breath of Him who exalteth the humble and humbleth the proud.

There is something particularly appropriate

about that eagle up there, soaring and screaming and holding in its talons the conquering cross, "In hoc signo vinces." Once before, after its humiliation at the Milvian Bridge, the eagle became the servant of Christianity and carried that cross as far as stretched the power of Imperial Rome. Shall it do so again? Armed with that weapon it will achieve conquests more lasting and more fraught with benedictions to the race than any, however glorious, it has already gained on the battlefields of Europe. Let us turn that tireless, fearless, and undaunted spirit; that heart to conquer and to soar, from vain things to the spreading of God's Kingdom on earth. Let us contrive to hitch the daring,

raging American Eagle to the Cross of Christ!

Of how this is to be done, how it is already being done, by the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, we must leave the telling to another issue. As a unit of that great movement we are given this Department, and here we shall gladly present its history and development and our own particular activities.

We are seeking friends for our cause, it cannot have too many, for, looking out on the vast field of Christian endeavor, we must exclaim with the Savior: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few!"

REV. J. PASCHAL HAYDEN

An Inspiration From Afar

Our zeal has been stimulated by a letter from one of the far-off spiritual battle-front—China—from the Rev. Francis X. Ford, late of New York, but now of the province of Kwong Tung. We regret very much that lack of space will not permit us to print this most interesting letter.—We say one of the far-off spiritual battle-fronts, for in this our day the battle for souls is being waged in every quarter of the globe. Wherever there are pagans, heathens, or uncivilized tribes, who have no correct idea of the true God, there will be found in God's army, noble Crusaders battling against evils of nature, such as heat and cold, hunger and thirst, poverty and disease; against other obstacles and harder to overcome, prejudice, ignorance, malice, and persecution.

We little realize the heroism of such men, because we seldom hear of the obstacles against which they daily contend. The victories which they gain are not heralded by the Associated Press. It is a sad fact that American Catholics have not in the past evinced that measure of interest in spreading the doctrine of Christ that this great cause deserves. This indifference, however, is,

thank God, disappearing day by day. There are now on foot movements to bring home to all Catholics the truth about missionary conditions and missionary needs at home and afar. It is our firm conviction that no sooner will American Catholics become acquainted with the facts than they will give to the cause of the mission their unqualified and unanimous support.

Some may object that the time is not yet ripe for missionary movement of this kind. On the contrary, it is our opinion that it was not initiated soon enough. In a future article we shall endeavor to point out how far the various sects are ahead of us in this work. If now is not the opportune time, why not? Is it because the world has already been converted to Christ? Listen! There are in the world today 620,000,000 Christians, pagans 950,000,000. Is it because American Catholics are already doing all that can be expected of them along this line? Listen again! In 1917 American Catholics spent for candy, \$35,000,000; for soft drinks, \$21,000,000; for chewing gum, \$2,150,000; for the missions, \$950,000.

I. M.

The Sacred Heart for the World.—God wills it!

Our unit has opened a campaign to have all the higher schools in Tennessee, Illinois, Kentucky, and Indiana to form units. At present we are in communication with more than one hundred universities, colleges, academies, and high schools.

The Students' Mission Crusade is pledged to raise one million dollars, before next summer, for the home and foreign missions. What share are you taking in the work? He who gives promptly gives doubly!

The home missionary that our Unit has adopted—to supply with funds—is the Rev. M. A. Donahue, of the Tennessee mission field.

The World for the Sacred Heart.—God wills it!

Anyone desiring information about the Crusade movement and its workings will receive a hearing upon addressing the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit for bulletins of its work. The bulletins are distributed free.

Five illustrated lectures have been prepared by our unit for distribution over the country to schools sending in their addresses. Each lecture is accompanied by seventy-five hand painted, colored slides. No charge is asked for these lectures, save mailing expenses. If you want to have them sent to you, speak up, please.

The second annual Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention is scheduled to take place early the coming summer at Washington, D. C.

Marie of Stony Creek*

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

JUST at the edge of the pretty little village of Stony Creek dwelt Jean and Marie le Blanc. In the spring time at the bright Easter season their cottage with its flowering vines and glowing garden, with a comforting vista of homelier things in the rows of onions and cabbages in the rear, was very attractive. Marie herself, bright, brisk and pretty, was no discordant note in the harmony of happy home life nor was the crowning baby. Jean had his machine repair shop in the center of the town and when he came home at night he thought reverently of how good le bon Dieu was to give him Marie and little Jean and the pretty home. O yes, he thought thankfully too of his own health and strength and like every grateful man was happy. When Jean and Marie were children their parents had brought them from France. As his older brothers grew up they went away. Then his parents died and Jean remained at home and married Marie. Now he was prospering. It has always seemed to me a pity that when an author has drawn a picture of happiness he could not, as it were, hang it up in all its peaceful beauty. But constant peace and happiness are not the portion of earth dwellers.

Marie had heard of the terrible things in France during the war. Still it seemed very remote.

"O my baby," she would say, kissing little Jean again and again, "we are so safe, but the poor mothers in France and Belgium."

She often saw her husband and his friend Jacques Moreau, another Frenchman, reading the papers anxiously. Jacques Moreau had loved Marie before her marriage but she had never liked him and even now she would have preferred that Jacques had not remained such a friend of Jean. For Jacques himself the loss of Marie had always rankled in his heart and the thought that Jean had succeeded where he had failed gave him many a bitter moment. Then too, Marie with her simple faith and piety did not like to hear Jacques say the critical things he did of her beloved Church. She knew of course that Jean would always defend the Faith, but she would have preferred that her husband's friend had been a loyal son of Mother Church.

One day she heard Jacques say to Jean: "But my friend our fathers were never naturalized in America and we still belong to France. We are

Frenchmen and our country is calling for us."

Jean looked up quickly. Marie was standing white and wide-eyed as she heard the words, "Our country is calling for us."

"But Jacques, my friend—a man's duty? Which way is it? You are not married, but for me there is Marie and the baby."

"Yes, yes, but France will not let the families of her soldiers suffer. Well, for me, I am going."

After Jacques left, Jean sat brooding over the paper and, with a heavy fear at her heart, Marie dreaded to ask him if he too would go.

A few evenings later Jean came home. He had had an unusually busy day and was very tired. Still there was a look of resolve and firmness about him.

"Marie," he said, as he sat with the paper unopened and lighted his pipe, "I have arranged everything for you and some one to take care of my shop. I am going down to New York next week and sail for France. Things are so terrible over there, in Belgium and in the north of France. When a Frenchman reads he cannot keep still—the women and children. We cannot keep still any longer. Every man, every Frenchman must go. So you will not prevent me. You and little Jean will be safe here while I am gone and I have provided for you."

Marie could find no word to say. The only cry of her heart, "Jean do not leave me," she would not utter. So she whispered, "As you think best, my beloved," and wept silently in his arms.

The intended departure of Jean for France to go into the war caused a tumult of comment among the villagers. Why should he leave his wife and child? America was not at war. It was still a neutral country. But Jean persisted and, one morning, he and Jacques boarded the train for New York City to sail for France.

All through the voyage Jean dreamed of Marie and his dreams were always of losing her and trying to find her. His own danger did not trouble him. It was always something that threatened Marie.

In the long empty days that followed her husband's departure Marie would go with the baby to the woods, for the little home reminded her so constantly of Jean. Often she would meet her kindly neighbor, Mrs. Mulligan, a portly widow whose heart went out to the lonely young wife.

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"It is the way of life, my dear," she would say to Marie. "When we think we are just settled for happiness, sorrow is waiting around the corner for us."

Together they would go to the pretty village church after their walks and, with her baby in her arms, Marie would kneel at the Blessed Mother's altar and remind le bon Dieu that His Mother too had sorrowed and beg Him to listen to the prayer of another mother for the safety of her child's father.

"But, Mrs. Mulligan, I always write the cheerful letters to Jean. He must not know how sad I am. I tell him always of the baby and of the many things of our home, but not of my own sadness."

"That is right, my dear. Sure, the men, poor things, do have troubles enough and now with this terrible fighting we woman just have to forget our own heartaches."

Jean and Jacques made the voyage safely. They were put into the training and in a very short time they were ready for active service. They were kept so busy Jean did not have time to be depressed and he was such a good soldier that his officers paid special attention to him. Jacques too was anxious to succeed and to be promoted. He thought grimly of how glad he would be to return to Stony Creek perhaps as Jean's superior in rank and to make Marie realize what a mistake she had made.

It was honest Jean himself who first sowed the seed of Jacques' deception. "My friend," he said, "if—if I do not go back, you will look out for Marie and the baby. You will tell her I asked you and tell her to look to you as her best friend."

"Of course, of course, Jean, I will look out for Marie and little Jean if you do not go back but you must not think of that. We will both go back; I feel sure of it."

"If le bon Dieu wills it so and I pray He will," said Jean reverently, "Jacques, this ordeal makes us very near to God. We are as it were standing in the face of eternity every day."

Jacques laughed. "O that's all right, Jean. Just shoot straight and dodge the other fellow's bullets."

It seemed but a very brief time after their arrival until they were out in the terrible trenches and then one day they were in the midst of a skirmish. In the fury of fighting Jean saw the flag go down from the hand of the stricken color-bearer and with a prayer on his lips he sprang forward and grasped the beloved emblem. Jacques was just behind him and Jean had scarcely lifted the flag when a shot pierced his head.

All the world seemed reeling in a maze of blood and fire. As Jean fell a shot went through Jacques' leg, and he was limping as the enemy began to retreat. Jacques stooped over his prostrate comrade and took the flag into his own hand. Beside Jean lay an unknown soldier dead.

When the ambulance came up, Jacques, who had scarcely noticed his wounded leg in the excitement, now became weak and, when his officer found him, he was still holding the colors and lying almost unconscious. Jean was lost to all his surroundings. Jacques made a striking figure and it was only a few days later that he was decorated for bravery.

"Jean will die, if he is not already dead," thought Jacques as they were being borne from the field. So when the ambulance surgeon asked the name of the unknown dead soldier, Jacques replied: "It is Jean le Blanc and he comes from my own home in America, Stony Creek, New York State," and it was so entered upon the surgeon's records.

"And this one?" asked the surgeon indicating the unconscious Jean.

"I do not know him," answered Jacques.

For several weeks Jean and Jacques remained at the hospital. Then Jacques was honorably discharged, being too lame for further military service. The unknown soldier had been buried and on his headstone was the name of Jean le Blanc, while the real Jean le Blanc lay slowly recovering. His health and strength returned but his mind was a blank and his memory was gone.

"I wish we could find out something about him," said Sister Serena who had nursed him, "he does not even know his own name. There is nothing on his clothing to tell who he is or where he came from. He speaks both French and English. If he would give us some clue of where his family lives. The doctor says he may never recover his memory and if they knew his condition they could care for him."

In the earlier days of the war it was easier to lose a man, especially a volunteer who was not an American citizen. So Jacques knew that the United States Government had no knowledge of either him or Jean.

"Will he recover Doctor?" asked Jacques the day he was leaving.

"I do not think so and if he does get well his mind will be a blank. It seems a pity we cannot find out who he is. There was nothing on him to tell us." Jacques had seen to that before Jean had been taken from the field. Now he could not look Sister Serena in the face when she showed how anxious she was to get into communication with Jean's relative. Jacques saw to it

that a full account of his saving the flag reached Stony Creek before he himself came home.

It was good Mrs. Mulligan who staid beside Marie after Father Gray had broken to her the news of Jean's death and burial in France.

"Sure I saw my Danny put away myself and you don't even know where Jean is buried. But he was a good lad and his soul is at rest I believe," and Mrs. Mulligan would hush little Jean who wanted to help his mother to grieve.

The house was so desolate that Marie began to spend nearly all her time with little Jean in the woods. He was growing finely as the months went by and, when the approach of winter kept them indoors, Marie had grown accustomed to her loneliness. Her needle kept her busy and helped to provide for the simple needs of the baby and herself.

"And who do you think has come back," asked Mrs. Mulligan one day. Marie shook her head. "Why its that Jacques Moreau. He has come back. He was shot in the leg and is so lame he cannot go back into the army. They are making a great fuss over him down in the village. They say he saved the French flag and has a medal for his bravery. He says too," she took Marie's hand, "that he was just beside your own lad when he was killed."

"O Mrs. Mulligan, you say he was with Jean when he was killed? Sometime he must come and tell me. I have wanted so often to talk with some one who was with Jean at the last."

"Well now dear, you know that your poor lad is at rest, why do you trouble and grieve yourself to hear all that? I never did like that Jacques Moreau anyhow. He says he was with Jean but how do we know?"

"O but dear Mrs. Mulligan, they were both in danger and it was the will of the good God that my Jean should go and that Jacques should be spared." As Mrs. Mulligan was walking home that evening the worthy matron was thinking: "Sure I could never feel like a widow if I had not seen my Danny die and be put into the ground, with my own eyes, like a Christian and now that poor little Marie she just has to take the word of a doctor in France she never heard of and a picture of his grave and now she must go and have a cross put up to his memory in the graveyard."

In the rapid news service of a small town Jacques soon learned that Marie wanted to see him. He had been lionized in Stony Creek and his alleged rescue of the flag lost no dramatic effect in his telling. Jean's death and his own miraculous escape he spoke of very solemnly. So to Marie's pretty cottage he went one day to tell her of Jean's last moments on the battle field.

"He must be really dead or in some asylum by this time. The doctor said he did not think he would live or if he did his mind would be a blank. Why the last time I saw him in the hospital he did not remember his own name." So Jacques was justifying to himself his intention of winning Marie after her season of mourning. He was tactful enough, when he called upon Marie, to let Jean be the main topic of conversation. He praised his comrade's bravery and how he fell in the hottest of the conflict and with what honor he had been buried just back of the battle line.

Marie wept freely and yet there was a thrill of pride that went over her sad spirit and a more friendly feeling towards Jacques who had shared Jean's danger.

"Here is a snap shot of his grave in the France. You can see how rude is the lettering. It was the best we could do."

And Marie read through her tears the name of her husband on the white painted board.

Gradually as the days went by Jacques' visits became more frequent. He was very thoughtful of Marie and very kind to little Jean and he lost no opportunity of telling her of his promise to Jean to look after them and of her husband's message to her to look to Jacques as her best friend if she needed one.

Mrs. Mulligan did not at all approve of Jacques' visits and attentions to Marie. Beyond her doubts as to Jean's death, not having seen him buried, she did not like Jacques. Widowhood real and unquestioned was to have a death in one's own home and a burial in one's own graveyard. Even the picture of Jean's grave in France did not entirely convince her. She always resorted to her usual argument that Marie had not really seen her husband die.

"So that Jacques wants to marry you, my dear?" Mrs. le Blanc nodded her head. "Well I thought it was that he was after. I never did like him but its for you to say. Its now nearly two years since Jean was killed. You are such a smart girl, Marie, and there's so many things a smart young woman can do these days, why do you want to get married at all? You have only little Jean. He will be a great boy soon and can help you along and you and your son will be happier without any stepfather. So Jacques told you Jean said you were to look to him. Well maybe he did, maybe he didn."

"But dear Mrs. Mulligan, it is for little Jean. He needs a father."

Mrs. Mulligan interrupted sharply, "That's some of Jacques' talk."

"Why yes. He says he will help me to take care of him and as he gets older he will certainly need more than a woman to look after him. He

will take care of him and help me to make a fine man out of my little Jean."

"Well, just let me tell you Marie, some of the best men I ever knew were brought up by mothers who had been widows. But maybe you are right, child. It's just that there's something about Jacques that I do not like."

"But, Mrs. Mulligan, he has changed a great deal. I believe this terrible war has made such an impression on him and to see his friend killed at his side. Jacques does not talk about the Church like he used to."

"Well that's a good thing."

"He even says if I want a church wedding he will agree to that."

"A church wedding? Why Marie, child, what other sort would a Catholic girl want?"

"But you know, Mrs. Mulligan, Jacques has not been to the sacraments for so long. O I have prayed and I have asked our Blessed Mother to help me to know what to do. When I first heard of Jean being dead and out there in his grave so far away, I thought my heart would break. Now I think of him at rest and that no enemy can make him suffer any more."

Jean le Blanc after weeks of blankness of mind was sent to a recuperation hospital in England. Just before he left France he began to say a few words. Sister Serena the English Sister of Charity who was eagerly watching for some clue that might lead to his identification heard him say several times, "Marie, Marie, Stony Creek, Stony Creek." She caught the words.

"Stony Creek?" answered the American Doctor, "O I believe there is a very small town of that name in New York State." So the Sister at once wrote a letter to the postmaster of that place and the letter went over to America almost at the same time that Jean himself with a comrade, who had lost an arm in the service, went also. The comrade who lived in New York State and whose name was David Brent had instructions to take the afflicted man to Stony Creek and if no relatives were found to place him in an asylum.

Jean was very quiet during the voyage over. His own name he never spoke and it seemed as if he had forgotten it altogether. David Brent and Jean started to America the same day that Marie had at last consented to marry Jacques Moreau and the wedding would take place a month later. Delay after delay met the travellers and at times it seemed as if they would never see America again. Storms and sickness and the interruptions of travel kept them nearly a month on the way until one August morning they alighted from the train at Stony Creek.

Marie went about her simple marriage preparations with a heavy heart. Since her Jean was dead

and the baby had no father and she ad no protector it was best, she decided, to marry Jacques who had always been her husband's friend.

"I'll do all I can for you Marie," said Mrs. Mulligan. "I don't know as I will go to the church to see you married. Somehow I just can't bear to see you married to Jacques. I liked Jean so well. Maybe I'm mistaken but you always seem to belong to Jean. But there, don't let me make you cry so near your wedding day."

"The good God took my Jean," said Marie, through her tears.

"So he did, at least that's what we are told. It will be all right; maybe Jacques has been wanting you a long time. Maybe he was for you in the end. And you will live in the pretty house Jacques has ready for you. That's right. Every woman wants her own home. And this will be rented out."

"Yes, Jacques wants his own place."

"Of course, of course, every man does."

Mrs. Mulligan went home in a thoughtful mood not being able to overcome her regret that Marie was to marry Jacques. "I just can't like him," she was thinking, "but there, there, the child is lonely and he'll take good care of her no doubt."

Mrs. Mulligan had prepared a simple wedding feast for Marie and a few friends to be enjoyed after the marriage ceremony at the church. Then Jacques and his bride would go to the home he had prepared for her and they would begin life together.

The night before her marriage Marie went about her little home bidding farewell as it were to all the old life which it represented. From every corner Jean's face looked out and Marie was a sad and tearful bride when she went to rest, praying for protection on her new life.

That same day Jean and David Brent landed in New York and a few hours later took the evening train and were speeding towards Stony Creek. David had planned to remain in the village a few days and try to find some of Jean's relatives.

Next morning as the travellers arrived they found all of Stony Creek turning out for Marie's wedding and the little church was being rapidly filled.

Just before the arrival of Marie and Jacques, the two strangers came up to the churchyard surrounding the edifice. No one seemed to know them for Jean, pale, emaciated, and with a strange vacant look on his face, was not the Jean of three years before. They kept away from the crowd and rested in a grove of trees at the farther end of the churchyard. Near them was a newly erected cross with the name "Jean le Blanc" upon it.

"Why here's someone that was killed in France," said David as he read the inscription. Jean turned a blank face towards him.

Down at the postoffice old Mr. Snifkins was assorting the mail. Suddenly he stopped, a letter in his hand.

"Why it's from France and it's for me." The old man laughed. "His honor the Postmaster of Stony Creek, New York." That's me. I am 'His Honor' all right. It's a lady's writing too."

He opened the letter and as he did so a photograph fell out. The old man studied it a moment. "Why it's Jean le Blanc, but he looks powerful thin and peaked. But it's Jean. Why I thought Jacques Moreau said he was killed instantly. Well let's see what's it all about.

"Dear Sir:—This young man was shot in the head and although he has recovered from the wound his mind seems to be a blank and his memory is gone. He does not remember his own name. He has several times said the words, 'Marie,' and 'Stony Creek.' The American Doctor told me where this place was so I write to ask you if there is any woman in your town named Marie who had a husband or a brother in the French Army."

"Why of course, Marie le Blanc," cried out Mr. Snifkins as if he were talking directly to Sister Serena whose name was at the bottom of the letter. "Mercy on us," again cried the old man, "and Marie is going to get married today. It must be stopped!"

He looked around wildly. Mrs. Mulligan was just coming in.

"Mrs. Mulligan, Mrs. Mulligan, come here quick."

"What ails the man?" thought the portly widow as she came hurriedly up to the postmaster.

"Just look a' this letter. It's from a Sister of Charity in France. And look at this picture."

"Why it's poor Jean le Blanc."

"So it is Mrs. Mulligan and this Sister says he is alive but he is out of his head from a shot and he doesn't remember his own name. He said 'Marie,' and 'Stony Creek,' so the Sister wrote to me. But he's alive and Marie must be stopped from marrying Jacques Moreau."

"Indeed we must stop them. I never did like Jacques and he has fooled Marie telling her Jean was dead and the poor man out of his mind."

Mr. Snifkins, taking the letter and following the rapidly speeding Mrs. Mulligan, soon covered the short distance to the church.

The bridal party had entered the church and Jacques and Marie were half way up the aisle when the postmaster rushed up to Father Gray who was waiting at the altar.

"Here Father Gray, read this letter. Jean le Blanc is alive. This marriage must be stopped.

Father Gray read the letter and, as Marie and Jacques stood before him, he said impressively:

"There can be no marriage for I see by this letter that Jean le Blanc is living."

There was a dead silence for a moment in the church. Jacques hastily dropped Marie's arm and in spite of his lameness he fled rapidly out of the church.

Marie was led out to the porch while the angry voices of the crowd came to her as they expressed their indignation at the deception.

"Seems like something has happened to that wedding," said David.

"Just see how that fellow is running and he's coming right over here. Say what's up over at the church?" and David stood in Jacques' way and caught his arm.

"Let me go, let me go."

At the sound of the voice the silent man sitting on the ground looked up. "My God," cried the fugitive, "it is Jean le Blanc. Is that you really, Jean le Blanc? I thought you were dead in France. Do you hear me? Are you a ghost or are you really Jean le Blanc?"

A light passed over the face of the weary man. The one who had tried to rob him of wife and child now gave him back his lost memory.

"That's it. That's it. I tried to find it but it was lost. It's my own name, Jean le Blanc."

"Why that's the name on this cross, for some dead man in France."

"Yes, yes, they thought he was killed and I thought too that he was dead by this time and I was just going to marry his widow. Then a letter came from France that said he was living. The people are so angry that I must get away."

David loosened his hold on Jacques' arm and the frightened man went rapidly to the station where a train was just ready to leave.

David and his comrade walked to the church. A rush of memory came to Jean the while a deadly weakness from the shock of returning consciousness almost overcame him. He kept repeating, as a child would learn a lesson: "Jean le Blanc," and it was his own name and the sound of his voice that roused Marie from her tearful attitude.

One look and she knew him and had taken him in her arms. They shock of recognition was too much for his feeble strength and he had to be carried to his home. The return of the vagrant memory was a severe strain and it was almost a lifeless Jean that was brought to the pretty cottage. Marie tore off her wedding dress and busied herself with the aid of Mrs. Mulligan in ministering to Jean. It was some days before he recovered.

(Continued on page 23)

Secular Oblates of St. Benedict

REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

Under the section-heading above we intend to include monthly a few words for the benefit of those who belong to the Society of the Secular Oblates, as well as for the information of others who might be interested in the purposes, advantages, and characteristics of this Society.

The Secular Oblates of St. Benedict, to be brief, is a society consisting of persons who, though living in the world, affiliate themselves with the Benedictine Order in such a way, that they thereby obtain the privilege of participating in all the prayers and good works of the whole Order, while promising on their own part to fulfill certain spiritual obligations marked out for them in the official Statutes. This promise, however, is so constituted, that failure to keep it by no means involves the committing of any sin, not even venial. The advantages to be gained are: (1) the above-mentioned participation in the spiritual goods of the Order, (2) many indulgences, (3) other spiritual privileges granted by holy Mother Church. In the course of time we hope to explain these matters briefly and to the point, for the benefit of enquirers. The bulk of our space we shall devote to the presentation of Rules of Life befitting the Oblate, built upon the principles of Christian morality. These Rules have been carefully planned, and draw their arguments from the whole field of literature, that is, from the inspired as well as profane writers of all times. They are the work of a Benedictine Father, for some years a director of Oblates. We hope these Rules may prove interesting and helpful not only to the Oblate as such, but to everyone who deigns to peruse them, for the object of the Oblate Society is indeed nothing more than that its members become exemplary Christians—there is nothing to prevent anyone of upright character from joining its ranks.

RULES OF LIFE

Rule 1. Appreciate Obedience

Good order is the desideratum upon this earth. The state, society, the family, the individual body and the individual soul, material and spiritual things all need it. Through every natural as well as artificial being runs a golden thread which, like the backbone of man, is of such importance that, if it be out of place or broken, the functions of the creature in question are shattered and practi-

cally worthless. This golden thread is good order; something for which many strive, but few reach. And yet many reach it in one or the other particular, but very few attain to it in all particulars. We seldom have the pleasure of meeting with a man who can be depended upon as habitually upright in every circumstance. And if we do have the good fortune of coming in contact with such a character, we are filled with admiration and esteem, and perhaps emulation, for here we see good order incarnate. Solomon had in mind such a man when he said: "The mind of the just studieth obedience."—Prov. 15, 28. Man, as such, has a law, which, to find out and follow, is his proper glory and beauty. This law, in its widest signification, ought to be one for all nationalities and races, no matter how much these may differ in their minor relations, if compared one with the other. It ought to be equal to the corporal and spiritual needs of everyone. But now, not all truths are readily seen; there are many that must first be diligently searched out and considered ere they become evident. For this reason the Wise Man makes use of the word *studieth*. It is possible for a man to remain on the path of error all his lifetime, if he never earnestly endeavors to find out the true direction of his steps. To err is easy; but to detect one's error is often very laborious. Not then without reason did Marcus Aurelius thus advise: "Look beneath the surface; let not the several qualities of a thing nor its worth escape thee." Good men are always sincere; they want the right and nothing but the right. In one word, they study obedience, that is, the law of good order.

Rule 2. Strive for True Energy

Good order and sloth are like oil and water, utterly at variance. A man of real, sincere energy will seldom go wrong, and if he does, it will not be for a long time, or in important matters. We say *sincere* energy, because there is a false energy, known to all, commonly called evil. Such energy is of course no better than the giant's arm that out of sheer force slays its helpless prey. Concerning true energy the sacred writer, impersonating wisdom, thus expresses himself: "They that eat me shall yet hunger, and they that drink me shall yet thirst."—Eccl. 24, 29. A good man finds pleasure in leading an upright life; though duty requires sacrifices of him, these sacrifices are joined with noble sentiments, mo-

tives, and joys. He is always increasing in mental and spiritual wealth, which is the source of the most refined and delightful sensation known to the human breast. "If thou shouldst lay up even a little upon a little, and shouldst do this often, soon even this would become great." These pointed words of Hesiod teach us that virtue is a pleasure because it is a gain; and that the most insignificant deeds, if faithfully practiced, will end in a most stanch and exhilarating habit.

Rule 3. Never Forget the Reward

There is an interior voice which tells us that, as rational beings, we are destined to continue living after this mortal sojourn, albeit in a way and under circumstances practically unknown to us in our present state. It is true that some endeavor to deny this; but their doctrine at the most carries with it only a foot-ease for this life, no assurance of annihilation afterwards. The human heart naturally desires two things, comfort, and a continuance of life; and the belief and hope in a future state satisfies both these longings. Isaias, like us all, was a man made of flesh, blood, and spirit; he was moreover an intellectual giant, as his writings evidence; and it was he who wrote the words: "I will cry like a young swallow, I will meditate like a dove; my eyes are weakened looking upward."—3, 14. Innumerable men, of all walks of life and all beliefs and customs, have lived and died with this hope still guiding their thought, words, and actions. Great writers have endeavored to wield the force of their pens to influence mankind more and more to consider in their mind the supernatural things above this earth. Thus St. Augustine exhorts us: "Not only think of the road thou art travelling, but take care never to lose sight of that blessed country in which thou art shortly to arrive." These words are not only full of sublimity, but they are also rich in warmth and light, comforting and illumining this earthly and stony path. Indeed they are an apt illustration of that saying of Cicero: "The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he comes down to human affairs." St. Augustine was himself full of the belief and hope in a future retribution, hence he became sublime when he opened his heart. But sublimity were little; the practical worth of a thing must always be our principal argument. And this argument is also furnished by the same saint when he prays thus to his Creator: "Our hearts are not at rest until they rest in Thee."

Rule 4. Pray Much for Grace

Man is conscious of a Supreme Being from Whom he took his rise. That this Supreme Being

must be greater than the creatures He forms, is a truth easily granted; hence it becomes second nature in a man who believes in the future life, to ask of that powerful Creator—especially when he considers the inborn weakness of human nature—help against all things imical. He asks this help because reason tells him he can expect sure guidance of this Almighty Spirit, as well as adequate and well directed help. Reason tells him still more; God, to be God, must be infinite; hence man, being in a position to ask and obtain treasures from His bounty, has the opportunity of a progress that has no limits. "O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and the knowledge of God," exclaims St. Paul (Rom. 11, 33). This resolution, in the shape of oft-repeated petitions to the invisible God-head, be they purely mental or expressed with the lips, is what completes a soul's education. Whittier somewhere uses this phrase: "Making their lives a prayer." Of whom could this be said with more propriety than of those who, esteeming good order, strive earnestly for it; who, conscious of a future retribution, beg daily for the strength of mind and will to travel to the end of the road that leads thereunto?

St. Benedict was born in the province of Nursia, Italy, in the year 840. He was trained carefully at home, then was sent to school in Rome. However it was not long before divine grace so inflamed his young heart with a desire for solitude and prayer, that he fled away to the mountains, where he selected a cave for his dwelling. It was here that he led a hermit's life for some years. A hermit's life! Of what use to the world were these idle years, some may think. Of what use? Consider this: it was during this time that St. Benedict laid the foundations of his whole career, a career that has influenced civilization almost more than that of any other individual since the Christian era. From that foundation of deep, interior spirituality grew a most mighty edifice, the Benedictine Order, acknowledged by all to have been one of the principal factors in the world's progress; this Order remains even to the present day in its place, holding to the Gospel with might and main. A great man is judged from his work; and his work is judged from its incipiency. Prayer was the incipiency of St. Benedict's work. Hence we see an effect that only God could accomplish, a marvel that only spirituality could attain. Successes, though great, are generally short-lived; rare indeed is that one which lasts for fifteen centuries and still remains as vigorous as ever. Let us pray much, and we also shall succeed in our work.

(To be continued)

The Beggar of Love

URBAN H. KILLACKY, S. J.

I met him in the way,
A beggar with outstretched hand.
His hair was of fine-spun gold,
And his face, half-hid in the fold
Of his scarf, outshone the day;
But I did not understand.

"Pity! in Jesus' Name,"
He said not as I passed.
Dumb! was the beggar dumb?
Or fearful to ask his crumb?
I turned to see in flame,
'I am the First and the Last',
Written across His brow.
I was the beggar now.

I was bent on a quest of love,
And its hunger hurried me on.
I yearned for His sweetened yoke,
Yet I saw not the eyes that spoke
For an alms in proof thereof,
The proof Christ asked of John.

Reconstruction

Every magazine and paper in the land is speaking of reconstruction. What does it mean? It means to rebuild. Of course, nearly all speak of rebuilding our material enterprises; few have a thought with regard to the spiritual concerns. These are, however, of greater importance, though sadly neglected.

We believe in a Divine Providence who guides the destinies of nations and in an especial manner cares for His Kingdom, the Church. Years ago God, in His infinite wisdom, laid the foundations upon which true reconstruction must rest. The light began to shine and dispel the darkness when Leo XIII wrote his illuminating encyclical letters. The wisdom of the Church was clearly placed before a doubting world. Take the famous encyclical letter on Labor as an example; read it today and you will exclaim: "It is a prophecy as well as a most profound allocution." Time only serves to impress its truth upon us. Divine Providence turned the attention of the world to the Father of the faithful.

The next pope, Pius X, began his sublime pontificate with the motto: "To restore all things in Christ." Jesus Christ is the foundation upon which we must build our structure. Pope Pius knew that the first appeal must be made to the faithful members of Mother Church; therefore, with all his apostolic power, he urged that all Catholics should frequently receive Holy Communion, so that Jesus Christ could take possession of their hearts and through their lives reveal Himself again to the world. This was undoubtedly the greatest spiritual reconstruction movement ever set on foot in our day.

Thousands upon thousands answered the call; our communion rails have been thronged with the young and the old who, having received the

bread of Angels, went out into the world to help reconstruct it. Then came the great war.

The Catholic world was well prepared for this catastrophe. The Eucharistic King had been enthroned and our Catholic people instinctively turned to the Mass and to Holy Communion. The lukewarm soldier was inspired by his devout brother in arms, and quickly followed his steps to Mass and to Communion. One shall never know, whilst this life endures, what great things the Lord has wrought during the war. The faithful will come out of the terrible ordeal purged and with a deeper appreciation of their holy religion.

May this reconstruction continue! We on our part can do nothing better than to continue attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion. This is, and always will be, the true way to restore all things. Jesus in the Eucharist is the good shepherd Who remains with His sheep to comfort and to fill their innermost being with heavenly consolation. Our burdens will become light; the yoke of God's commandments will be sweet.

A. J. S.

Marie of Stony Creek

(Continued from page 20)

During his illness Marie had the memorial cross removed from the chuchyard. Jacques Moreau went west and was never heard of again. Marie sent a most grateful letter to Sister Serena.

"Sure," said Mrs. Mulligan, "them Sisters in their convents do save a lot of trouble from the world outside and they are always in the right place at the right time. The good Lord they serve so well just lets them know when and where and how to be the greatest help to all of us."

Next Time

A Missionary's Experience

R. E.

The retreating sun made a golden scene of the mushy evening one rainy day in September. The Sunday promised to be fair and I figured on a good attendance at Mass. Besides a handful of Catholics to take care of at my mission, I also made it a point to accommodate chance Catholics in the local cancer sanatorium.

I was on my way now to see the patients and was just in the act of crossing to the other side of the street when a cheery voice broke out, "How do you do, Father?" The greeting came from a middle-aged man with a bundle of laundry under his left arm. His face was almost hidden by an unavoidable heap of bandage.

"Good evening, sir!" I replied. "Getting your wash done before going home?"

"Not quite. In fact I have not been treated yet, and on that account am still allowed to go out. Next Monday I will have my eye removed by an operation. The doctor thinks this may prevent the cancer from spreading."

"Poor friend. But I'll see you in Church tomorrow?"

Observing that he met my last remark with a hesitating action, I added, "You're a Catholic I am sure."

"No, Father, I am not, though I ought to be. The Catholic priest we have at home is a splendid man and I count him as one of my best friends. But one way or other I never did join the Church. We have often spoken about the matter, but I have never come to a decision."

"Was there not one time in your life," I asked him, "when you really thought you ought to join the Church and you just kept on pushing it off?"

"Yes," he answered, "you are right about that. It would have been much easier for me when I first met Father L. But I just kept putting it off and off. I know I did wrong."

"In that case," I encouraged, "it is not too late yet. Why, right now you'll have the best

chance ever to think about the matter and instruct yourself. You'll be indoors the next three or four weeks and with your right eye you can study the catechism. Come down after supper and we'll talk the matter over."

"I don't think I'll need much instruction," he said, "because whenever I go to church, it's the Catholic Church, and I've heard ever so many sermons."

"Even so," I added, "there will be some points to be explained. I'll see you at eight o'clock."

"Not this time, Father. Next time though—when you come again."

Knowing that this was but a polite way of getting out of the difficulty, I assumed an earnest manner and spoke to him about the grave obligation of inquiring into the truth. "Has not the heavenly Father sent His own Son into this world to teach us the truth and the way to heaven? If He went to such trouble about us little men, we are certainly doing wrong if we don't take any steps to find out what He taught and what we must do to be saved. He Himself said: 'He who confesses me before men, him will I acknowledge before my heavenly Father, and he who denies me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven.'"

"Well," he said, "I don't see why a person has to go to confession."

"I see you still have some doubts," I answered, "I can't well answer them here on the street. Here is my number. Come any time after eight."

"Next time, Father. Good night!"

With that he left me, and in my mind reechoed the words, "He who shall deny me—"

On my next visit to the hospital, I anxiously inquired how Mr. M. was getting along.

The nurse looked at me quietly and said in a subdued tone, "Mr. M. has left us."

It dawned on me what she meant—he died under the operation. Poor fellow, there was no next time for him. "He who shall deny me—"

As life imparts life to the food that we take and changes it into itself, so the Holy Eucharist, the Life, imparts eternal life to those who receive it.

By the reception of the Eucharist our bodies cease to be corruptible, for they receive the pledge of a glorious and eternal resurrection.
—St. Irenaeus.

Science and Invention

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Iron that can be whittled with a knife has recently been prepared. It is a well known fact that the rapid cooling of hot metals hardens them, whereas slow cooling softens them. An American scientist subjected a soft iron to intense heat in hydrogen gas and, by slow annealing, secured a product that is very little harder than the softest copper. It is so soft, in fact, that it can be whittled with a knife.

An aeroplane, which has been built for the United States Navy, is of such size and efficiency that it carries fifty passengers with ease. Its lifting capacity is said to be five tons.

The star Rigel has, according to a recent estimate, a luminosity 12,000 times that of our sun. Its distance from us is so great that ordinary figures in miles are too inconvenient to express it, therefore astronomers use "light years" as units for measurement. Light travels about 186,000 miles a second; the distance covered by a ray of light during the space of one year is a "light year". This star Rigel is said to be 420 light years from the earth.

The wireless telephone has been developed to a point of relative perfection and has been in successful operation between aeroplanes and ground stations.

The archenemy of wireless telegraphy is static. The disturbances in the ether, caused by wireless sending stations, are of the same nature as lightning. Receiving stations for wireless are often rendered inoperative, or at least hindered in efficient operation by the atmospheric electric disturbances commonly called static. A leading commercial organization announces that an invention has succeeded in eliminating static in wireless telegraphy.

3 S I U O W S E S I L D R Z L A L A N A B
D E n L Y Da N L F C O E T I U O R G H F K
A I R L M T E M T.—No, this is not a mistake of the printer, it is a sample of cipher messages sent by the army and navy wireless stations. When deciphered, the message reads: "Will be N. N. E. Fire Island Light, Tuesday 4 A. M." The principles underlying such ciphers are not new. The basic system of the most widely used ciphers today was invented by the Abbot Tritheim, who died in the year 1516.

The first aerial weather forecast issued in the United States was recently made public by the Weather Bureau in cooperation with the aerial mail service of the Post Office Department. It is understood that the service is to be extended to all the territory covered by the winged postmen.

The largest airships use hydrogen gas, the lightest gas known, because of its great lifting power. This gas is, however, very dangerous because of its extraordinary inflammability and explosive properties when mixed with air. The next lightest gas is helium, which, being inert and non-inflammable, is free from these objectionable qualities. Up to the present, however, helium has been very expensive in its production and only recently has it been placed on a commercial basis for aeronautic purposes. The United States Navy, which alone uses airships in this country, will soon take over for its uses the entire output of a \$2,000,000 helium plant now being built near Fort Worth, Texas.—Helium is obtained from natural gas of which it forms one part in a hundred. Natural gas is collected, compressed, and cooled in the same kind of apparatus that is used to liquefy air. As the cooling process continues, everything else is liquefied out long before the helium. It requires about 268 degrees below the Centigrade zero to liquefy helium, which is then collected for use in balloons. The entire art of designing and building dirigibles will be revolutionized. Electrical apparatus, heretofore barred because of ever present dread of sparks, may be installed and new types of motors used.

Extinguishing flames with bubbles is the latest development in fighting oil fires. Oil storage tanks are equipped with two lines of pipe through which chemical solutions are pumped. The mixture of these chemicals produces an abundance of relatively tough bubbles that spread upon the burning oil, exclude the air, and extinguish the flames. Water cannot be used to fight oil fires, since the oil floats upon the water.

Holland is to have a \$90,000,000 farm. By building a dike across the opening of the Zuider Zee into the North Sea, it expects to reclaim 4,800,000 acres of land.

The altitude record of an airplane is 30,500 feet. A balloon attained an altitude of 37,000 feet as long ago as 1862.

Items of Interest

J. J. S.

Out in California a charging black bear was recently killed with bow and arrow. For this poetic death, like to that of its forebears, the beast is indebted to Dr. Saxton Pope, Chief Surgeon at the San Francisco Emergency Hospital. While the bear was rushing upon him, Dr. Saxton stood his ground and, with the seventy-five pound pull of his bow, drove home two fatal shafts.

The surviving aviators have not forgotten their faithful, fallen comrades. In many cemeteries in France they have replaced, with the remains of broken propellers, the ordinary wooden crosses that marked the graves of their dead. These relics of the aerial war went down too in battle and now, fashioned in the form of a cross, they speak to the world of victory through death: the victory of nations over nations, through the death of those who lie beneath; the victory of mankind over death itself, through the death of Him who died on the cross.

Is the center of the earth a "molten mass?" Geologists claim that it is not. They say it is a solid, dense and rigid. One way of discovering this is the manner in which it transmits earthquake shocks. Of these quakes there are over 30,000 every year. Other proofs of the interior rigidity of the earth are its weight and resistance to the attraction of the sun. But it is hot inside! So intensely hot, indeed, that, when the immense force of the rocks upon the earth's center is reduced, the solid changes to a liquid or even gaseous form. This pressure can be reduced in several ways; as the earth cools it shrinks, and as it shrinks it warps. This warping causes folds and creases similar to those that form on the back of the hand when the skin is squeezed together. Thus the pressure is lessened in places and the heated rocks expand into liquids or gases. Occasionally this liquid or gaseous rock, by some unknown means, rises to the surface and brings about a volcanic eruption. This eruption is calm at places and again, at other places, violent and explosive. This is, then, the origin of the lakes of lava found within the craters of mountain volcanoes. The lava tide has a periodic ebb and flow; at times its surface floods the sides of the crater and at other times recedes to a depth of several hundred feet. Measurements made daily for a number of years have shown that this tidal effect is due to the relative positions of the earth, moon, and sun.

In summer and winter it is highest, lowest in spring and fall.

It is reported that Secretary of War Baker knows of an instrument of destruction more terrible than any hitherto used in war. This machine, it is said, can drop bombs of five hundred pounds weight upon cities one hundred and fifty miles away. Electricity controls the explosion.

Of the 17,500,000 aliens in this country barely 6,000,000 have become citizens. Here is food for reflection.

Over 400,000,000 feet of yellow pine lumber were cut in our American forests in little more than a year. Who cannot see what the result will be unless steps are taken to replace our rapidly dwindling forests?

In 1869 and 1870 nearly one thousand bishops attended the Vatican Council. Of all these prelates our venerable Jubilarian of the Episcopacy, Cardinal Gibbons, is the sole survivor. The same distinction is his as regards the eighty-eight prelates present in 1884 at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

General Pershing estimates that 888,000 soldiers can be transported from Europe during the months of March, April, May, and June. The Knights of Columbus are working hard to have jobs ready for the boys when they come marching home.

The American loan to the allies amounts to \$10,000,000,000. At 5 per cent the yearly interest on this amount would be \$500,000,000.

Beginning July 1 of this year the government will take a census of its resources, population, and industries. Our present population is judged to be between 105,000,000 and 112,000,000.

During the month of February wolves appeared in great numbers near St. Louis. Somewhere up in the North-West they boarded the ice floes and floated down the Missouri River. They got off at a small island and swam to the mainland. They had probably heard of the condition of the railways.

The paper that is used in a single day's issue of newspapers in New York City alone would make a roll 23 inches wide and 11,000 miles long.



Children's Page

AGNES BROWN HERING



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I am sure you have been reading in your Bible History the story of Our Lord's passion and death. You remember how when He died, everything became as black as night although it was only three o'clock in the afternoon. People wondered what the matter could be. The soldier said, "This man was surely the Son of God." Those who stood near were very much afraid and said, "Yes, this man was the Son of God."

But the wicked men were there, too, and they wanted to be sure that Our Lord was dead, so one of the soldiers drove a spear into his heart and blood and water came trickling out.

When Jesus was born on Christmas night, he came to save the world. And to save it, He died on the cross between two thieves.

He taught the things we must believe. He began our church, the Holy Catholic Church. We must do as Our Lord wishes us to and be good children then we shall go to heaven and be with God and our blessed Mother and the angels and the saints.

In the evening, when they took Our Lord's body down from the cross, Joseph of Arimathea asked to have the body to lay it in his own new tomb, which he had dug out of a rock. The bad men remembered that Our Lord had said He would rise again after three days, so they put soldiers there to watch day and night. On Sunday morning an angel came and rolled back the large stone in front of the tomb and sat on it.

When the soldiers saw the angel, they fell on the ground. Our Lord was risen from the dead.

Christ rose from the dead on the third day after his death, on Easter Sunday. We read in the Holy Bible, in the nineteenth chapter of St. John, "Now there was in this place where he was crucified a garden, and in the garden a new sepulcher. There, therefore, they laid Jesus." And, in the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew, we find, "And behold there was a great earthquake. For an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and coming rolled back the stone."

Here are some pretty stanzas by Grace Keon who writes many interesting things for children:

OUR DEAR LORD DIES

When to His Father up above,
Christ lifted weary eyes,
"Father, forgive them," went the plea,
Nor for the act chastise.
And so the dreadful hour came,
He died upon the tree:
Oh, children, think how much it cost,
From sin to set us free.

Within the rocky new-made tomb,
They laid that Body cold,
And sealed it fast. A mighty stone
Before its mouth was rolled.
The soldiers guarded well against
The resurrection hour—
For sore were all the Jews afraid of
Christ's almighty power.

But when three days were past and gone,
The stone was rolled away;
And Christ the King, triumphantly,
Came forth on Easter Day.

Physical Culture

If you were to plant a tree on Arbor Day and you were in such a hurry that you did not take the time to make it stand upright, what would be the result in a few years? You would have a crooked tree would you not?

If a child does not sit erect, stand erect, and walk correctly, an ungraceful grown-up will be the result. In order, then, to teach our young friends, who have not had an opportunity to receive such instruction, we will give, each month, a lesson in physical culture, which we trust they will study and practise every day. It will be necessary for us to practise these exercises if we wish to present a pleasing appearance and know how to make graceful gestures.

What is physical culture? It means the culture or development or training of the body, just as mental culture means the development of the mind. You would not expect to become a skillful musician without practising scales and finger exercises would you? Neither can you become a graceful reader unless you practise exercises in physical culture.

Physical culture, then, means the harmonious

development of the whole body. It is within the power of each one to be graceful, if he will. Practise. Practise. You must learn to breathe correctly, carry the body correctly, walk correctly.

Let us first assume the correct standing position, the military position: heels together, toes out, chest lifted, hips back, weight over balls of feet.

Teachers used to say, "Throw back your shoulders," with the result that pupils assumed anything but graceful postures when they tried to obey. Lift your chest, not your shoulders. Keep your shoulders still. Now try once more. Let your chest sink in until your shoulders droop. Now raise your chest high. Practise this twenty times every day.

Breathing exercises and physical exercises go hand in hand and must be taken at the same time in order that you may strengthen the lungs together with the rest of the body. Each exercise is to be done in four counts, just as you see them numbered below. Hands to chest, is count one; hands upward, is count two; hands back to chest, is count three. Remember that these three movements are to be performed while you are inhaling, or *drawing* in one breath. Hands back to sides, is count four, and on this count you exhale, or breathe out.

Inhale (breathe in) on counts 1, 2, 3; exhale (breathe out) on count 4. Then repeat the exercise at once by inhaling on counts 5, 6, 7 and exhaling on count 8.—Always be sure to inhale through the nose, never through the mouth. You may exhale through nose or mouth.

After this explanation you will find that the exercises move rapidly and pleasantly. You will not only enjoy them and look forward to the hour appointed to take them, but you will gain in strength and health.

Practise these exercises faithfully upon arising in the morning, but before you dress. Open the windows wide and have plenty of fresh air. Practise them also out of doors, forenoon or afternoon, but not immediately after meals. Before getting into bed, after undressing, go through them again, but don't forget to have the windows open.

Are all ready? Take the military position: stand up straight; heels together; toes out; chest high; arms hang at sides.

SWEDISH TABLE

First Exercise for the Arms

(Inhale on 1, 2, 3.)

1. Hands to chest—fist closed.
2. Hands upward stretch—fingers stretch.

3. Hands back to chest—fist closed.

(Exhale on 4.)

4. Hands down to position by side.

(Inhale on 5, 6, 7.)

5, 6, 7 are the same as 1, 2, 3.

(Exhale on 8.)

8 is the same as 4.

Second Exercise for the Arms

(Inhale as in first exercise.)

1. Hands to chest.

2. Hands sideward stretch—high as shoulders.

3. Hands back to chest.

(Exhale.)

4. Hands back to position at side.

Now repeat these four movements. Inhale on 5, 6, 7; exhale on 8.

Third Exercise for the Arms

(Inhale.)

1. Hands to chest.

2. Hands forward stretch—high as shoulders.

3. Hands back to chest.

(Exhale.)

4. Hands return to position at sides.

Go through these four movements again. Inhale on 5, 6, 7; exhale on 8.

Fourth Exercise for the Arms

(Inhale.)

1. Hands raised sideward—high as shoulders.

2. Bend arms at elbow; place thumbs in arms with fingers meeting at chest.

3. Hands back to horizontal position—high as shoulders.

(Exhale.)

4. Hands down to sides.

Repeat these movements as before. Inhale on 5, 6, 7; exhale on 8.

EASTER LILIES

The following poem, *Easter Lilies*, from the pen of Mrs. Pender, with directions for reciting by the editor of the CHILDREN'S PAGE, is published for the benefit of our young friends who have had no training in the art of public speaking. We hope that they may be able to work out the reading for themselves.

(The reader of this beautiful poem should be attired in white or light blue and should carry a bouquet of lilies with long stems. Recite slowly and with deep feeling. Do not attempt to recite until you have practised so many times that the memory work is mechanical. Announce the title and then take a step forward. Glance at the flowers which are held in both hands as you say)

Bring sweet Easter lilies with you,
Bring great clusters—now's the time.

(Extend arms as you say the next line.)

We would place them on the altar,
Place them at Our Master's feet.

(Glance upward on "Master's.")

(Hold stems with left hand and lay flowers in right palm as you say the following stanza. Let your tone of voice indicate that you love the flowers as you say the words.)

Great white lilies, with your centers
Touched with deepest, richest gold,
Can you send a breath to Heaven
That His love our hearts do hold?

(Continue to look lovingly at the flowers as you say)

In your leaves we see His tracing,
In your forms, His fingers still;
You, so fit an emblem for Him,
You, He made at His sweet will.

You, the chosen of all flowers,
Dwelt you where our Savior dear

Died, in His great love to save us,—
Save us from a world of tears.

(Hold the lilies on left arm; raise right arm high above head, index finger pointing upward, eyes preceding gesture of hand as you say first two lines of next stanza.)

And when He all robed in glory
Rose to worlds beyond the sky,

(Lower arm and look at flowers.)
Did you shed your sweetest perfume
All on Him when He was nigh?

(Hold flowers with both hands during last two stanzas; recite clearly and reverently with sympathy in voice and manner.)

Bend your heads more closely, Lilies,
Join us in our silent prayers:
Tell Him, how we worship with Him,
Tell Him, how He soothes our care.

Tell Him, where the angels praise Him,
We will one day praise Him too;
Tell Him, Lilies, oh, so lowly,
That our hearts are lowly too.

(Make graceful bow and walk off stage slowly.)

For the Little Tots

THE RABBIT

What does the little rabbit say,
On Easter day, on Easter day,
What does the little rabbit say
On Easter day in the morning?

That all good children rise at dawn
On Easter day, on Easter day,
And hunt in the garden spot and lawn,
On Easter day in the morning.

What do the little children find
On Easter day, on Easter day?
What do the little children find
On Easter day in the morning?

Bright Easter eggs of every hue,
On Easter day, on Easter day,
Of red and yellow, pink and blue,
On Easter day in the morning.

ANONYMOUS.

SPRING

The alder by the river,
Shakes out her powdery curls,
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls,
The little birds fly over,
And, oh, how sweet they sing,
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

SELECTED.

CHILDREN'S MAY SONG

Spring is coming, spring is coming;
Birdies, build your nest.
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming;
Flowers are coming too.
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming;
All around is fair.
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

We wish you a happy May.
SELECTED.

THE LETTER BOX

Now this is the way we shall become acquainted—the medium of the Letter Box. For the June issue we hope to have a nice bunch of letters from our young friends. Tell us about your school, your Church, and what you have been doing the past winter. Tell us how you like the CHILDREN'S PAGE and what feature you enjoy the most.—Write in ink and only on one side of the paper.—Sign your name and address plainly.—Address your letters to the Editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

THE DISOBEDIENT CHICK

One day Mother Biddie took her thirteen little Biddies out for a walk. The sun was shining brightly and the little chicks had such a fine time looking for bugs in the tall grass. They ran here and there and everywhere till Mother Biddie said, "Cluck Cluck" which meant "Come with me." She led them down to the brook to get a nice drink of fresh water. And what do you think they saw? Mrs. Duck and her ducklings were having a swim! They splashed in the water, went around and around and had such fun. The little chickens wanted to go in the water too. Mother Biddie said, "No, no! You will drown. You cannot swim." One little chickie, however, thought he knew better than his mama so he said, "If the duck can swim there why cannot I, are they any bigger or better?" Mother Biddie said, "Listen to me and hush your foolish talking. Just look at your feet and you will see that they were only meant for walking." So while his mother was scratching the ground looking for a nice fat worm, chickie shook his head and said to himself, "I know I can go there and swim, I won't drown either. I just believe I'll show her." So when his mother wasn't looking he jumped in the water and before he had time to say "Peep," his foolish little head went under. Mother Biddie called and called but the bad little chickie could not get out and was drowned. He did not listen when his mama said, "No no." Sometimes little boys and girls are like this little chickie and do not mind their mamas. Oftentimes they get hurt when they are disobedient.

THE RABBIT HUNTERS

Once upon a time there were two little boys named Bob and Joe. They were good little boys and when they were not busy helping their Mama or their Papa, they were off playing. The thing they liked to do best was hunting rabbits. How do you think they went hunting? With a gun? Oh, my goodness, no. Well, how could any body hunt a rabbit without a gun? I will tell you.

These little boys had two good friends who helped them. One has a Scotch Collie, named Ki, and the other, a coach dog, named Rex. Let me tell you a secret. Before the war Ki's name was Kaiser, but as soon as Uncle Sam declared war on Germany, it would never do for a good patriotic dog to be called Kaiser, so the boys called him Ki. That was easier to say anyway.

Bob would say, "Well, good-bye, Mama, maybe you'll see me bring back a rabbit for dinner. The little hunters would go along by the creek and in the gulches poking sticks into every brush heap, while the dogs ran hither and thither barking with great zest. If, by chance, a rabbit did jump from his hiding place, what great excitement. Such screaming, and yelling, and barking, that you might think a whole pack of bounds had been turned loose. Ki was the better chaser, and Rex, the better catcher, but which boy was the better shouter I can not say, for each tried to make more noise than the other, and each was, in a measure, successful. When Rex caught the rabbit, then Bob told him to wait, which Rex did, and Bob carried it home in triumph saying, "Here comes Robert, the Rabbit Hunter with his rabbit." Papa always skinned the rabbits, and Mama fried them, and the whole family ate them. What about Rex and Ki? Oh, they were given the bones.

THE SONG OF THE SOCKS AND SHOES

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

The little pink pigs have been rooting around,
Rooting around all night,
Though I warned them well they must slumber
sound
Till the blink of the morning light,
I warned them well, as the owner I gowned
And snuggled them warm and tight.
But though I told them they mustn't peep out,
The little pink pigs have been rooting about;
I warned them one and I warned them ten,
So now they must go in the sock-and-shoe-pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.
First the sock and then the shoe; it's nearly eight
o'clock!

Lock the little pigs in the sock,
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Den the little pigs in the pen,
The pen of the shoe and sock.

The little pink pigs, with a wiggle and dive,
All under the gown they run,
While the owner watches me coax and drive,
And giggles a gale at the fun,
And squeals as I swoop on a drove of five
And capture the five in one.
Oh, the little pink pigs have been rooting about,
Though I warned them well they mustn't peep
out,
So I capture five and I capture ten
And drive them into the sock-and-shoe pen,
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe, and then the
shoe and sock;
Lock the little pigs in the sock,
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,
Den the little pigs in the pen,
It's almost eight o'clock!

Abbey Chronicle

Although it does not form an essential part of THE GRAIL, this page, added by way of supplement, will be devoted to those of our alumni and other friends who may wish now and then to hear an item of news from the Abbey and its immediate surroundings. While it is true that not much happens at our monastic home in the way of news, yet there are times and occasions, we believe, that a line or two would be appreciated. This first issue, then, will attempt to chronicle briefly a few of the events that have taken place during the present school year.

This has been an exceptional year in various ways. In the first place, because of the great shortage of priests, we have two official ordinations. The fourth year theologians were ordained in November instead of at the end of the year. The other ordination will take place at the regular time after Pentecost. At the November ordinations the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., ordinary of the diocese, conferred priesthood on eight candidates, the diaconate on fifteen, the tonsure and minor orders on sixteen. Because of the "flu" the relatives of the *ordinandi* could not be present at the ordinations.

On Nov. 12th Father Benno Gerber, O. S. B., for many years our faithful treasurer, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. It was the intention to have a public celebration, but owing to existing circumstances—the Church was closed to the people from October 8th to December 22nd—though solemnly celebrated, it nevertheless assumed a private character. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., preached.—The Rev. Victor A. Schnell, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Terre Haute, and the Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, D. D., bishop of Ft. Wayne, were classmates of Father Benno's.

Just before the Christmas holidays the much-dreaded "flu" made its appearance among us, but it claimed only a few victims. According to reports quite a number of our seminarians were afflicted with the epidemic during the holidays. Two of our deacons, Rev. Vincent Ciaccio and Rev. Edward Dean, were destined not to return to the seminary, for they were called to minister before the throne of God in deacon's garb. The former died at St. Anthony's Hospital, Terre Haute; the latter, at St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis. Both were bright young men. Only a few months remained between them and the priesthood. But He Who knoweth best and ruleth all things wisely, chose to call these buds of the priesthood to Himself. May His holy will be done.

After the Christmas holidays, which had been extended to January 14th, the "flu" broke out again, but in earnest this time. There were in all about seventy-five cases. Fortunately none turned out seriously. Classes were entirely suspended for only a week or ten days.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS

The boys in khaki are gradually coming back home. Several weeks ago Sergt. Augustine Ringemann, classics '12, returned from "over there."

Corp. Albert Esser, classics '17, of the aviation corps, Scott Field, was here recently to visit his brother, Fr. Ignatius, and other friends.

Another visitor, who paid us a flying visit, though not flying at the time, was Lieut. Dan Walsh, '18, of the aviation corps, Dayton, Ohio.

Word reaches us from beyond the sea that Lieut. Geo. Beck, who spent some five or six years with us in the classics and philosophy, and now with the A. E. F., is in charge of the military police at Coblenz.

Herman J. Kasper, of second theology, had a recent visitor in his brother, Sergt. Nicholas Kasper, who had just returned from "over seas".

We should like to receive reliable information regarding all of our soldier boys as well as interesting news from others of our alumni.

ARMY CHAPLAINS

Among the chaplains in the army or with the K. C. that have been in service, or are still in service, the following incomplete list of our Reverend alumni come to mind at the present writing: Augustine Rawlinson, pastor at Brazil; Raymond Noll, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Indianapolis; Aloysius Duffy, assistant pastor at St. Mary's Church, Richmond; David Fitzgerald, successor to Father Rawlinson at Brazil; George Lannert, pastor at Aurora; Albert Wicke, pastor at Corydon; Joseph Honnigford, assistant pastor at St. Patrick's Church Indianapolis; George Moorman and Leo Dufrane, of the diocese of Ft. Wayne; Albert Thompson, of the diocese of Louisville; Leander Schneider, O. S. B., professor at Jasper College, received his commission but the appointment came too late for him to don the khaki.

THE SODALITY

The Sodality of the Immaculate Conception is still in a flourishing condition. A large class was enrolled on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Since the beginning of the school year quite a number of our elder brothers in the Sodality have passed to their eternal reward. The following names were reported and requiems were celebrated: Rev. Francis Torbeck, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Evansville. Father Torbeck was enrolled in our Sodality in 1874; Rev. James Bolin, '03, assistant pastor at Loogootee; Rev. William Steinhauer, '13, assistant pastor at Holy Cross Church, Indianapolis; Rev. Francis Heck, '91, pastor at San Antonio, Texas; Rev. Ernest Hoellger, '18, chaplain at St. Francis Hospital, Wichita, Kansas; the Rev. deacons Vincent Ciaccio and Edward Dean, who were mentioned above; Mr. John Drury, classics '15, who was killed in action; Rev. Joseph Zahner, '01, pastor at Conception, Minnesota; Rev. Demetrius Zientz, '09, pastor at Harvey, Illinois; Mr. Henry Beckmann, who was enrolled in 1861, died at his home in Ferdinand; Rev. Ferdinand Kettenthaler, '07, full of zeal for the extreme western missions, died in apostolic poverty at Beaverton, Oregon; in the death of the Rev. John Massoth, '16, the Maryknoll missionary society lost one of its first young priests; Rev. John Murphy, '02, of Boston, is the most recent name reported.

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